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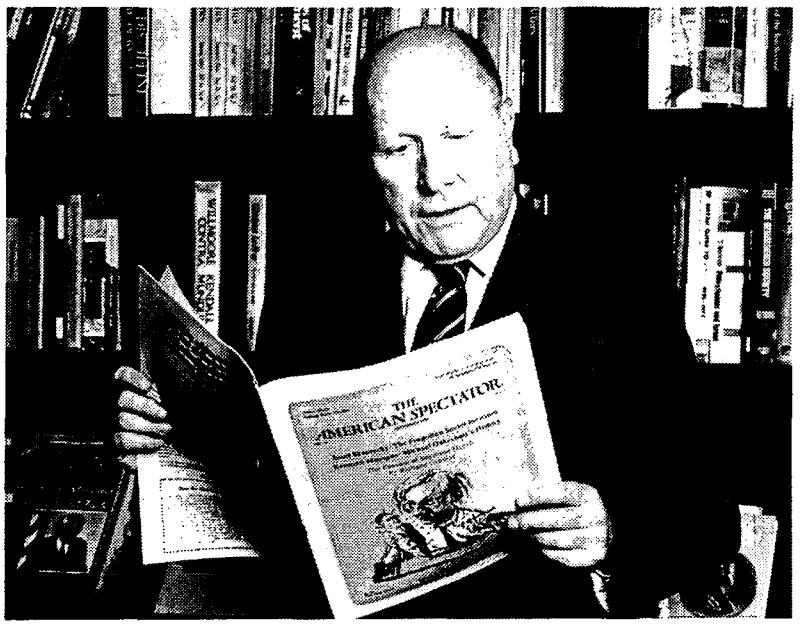

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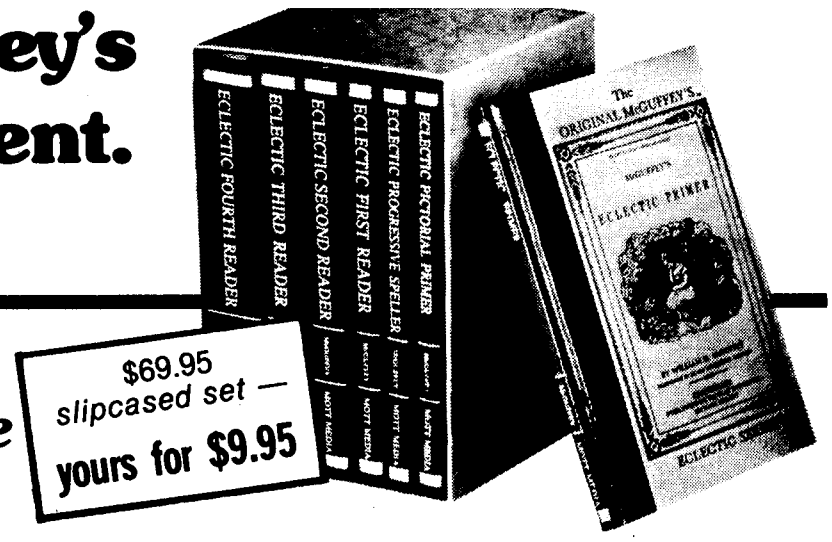

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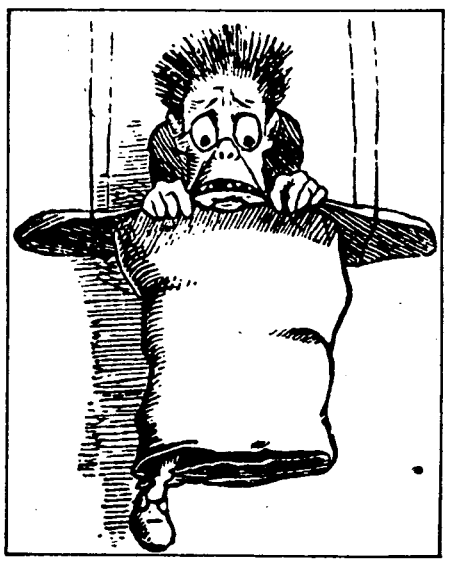
THE CONTINUING CRISIS

•November is over as is the bragging, the solemnizing of pish posh, the honeyfogling of journalists and dolts. Walter Mondale says he will never run again. How will he spend his sunshine years? Possibly he will become a Roman Catholic bishop. He is sanctimonious enough. He is economically illiterate enough. And he is pampered enough. He has hardly earned a nickel in the private sector, has been the blithe recipient of eleemosynary and public funds for years, and could not tell you the cost of a working-man's six pack; but he—like the bishops—is convinced that life for the poor is a Dickensian nightmare, created by fat cats earning vast incomes of as much as thirty and forty thousand dollars a year. Moreover, during the late election he turned every potential economic discussion into an inquiry into his opponent's moral life.

•Five days after the electorate buried him in a stupendous landslide the American bishops presented the first draft of their pastoral letter on economics, demonstrating once again that the modern Roman Catholic Church's pastoral letters are left-wing Democratic politics by other means. At least Bishop Mondale has been honorable enough to admit his politics and promise not to run again. The holy bishops will not submit their campaign to the same democratic discipline nor to logic nor to economic analysis. Hence we shall be exposed to their unctuous sophistries for years to come, but they will be exposed to our guffaws.

•November 6 concluded a commendably charming campaign season during which Representative Harry Reid (D-Nev.) nearly lost his life when Mr. Vito D'Antoni crashed through the ceiling of a hotel room where the Hon. Reid was eating his way through a fund-raising breakfast. Mr. Antoni's fall began from the ledge of a hotel room twenty-three floors up, and whether he was pushed or leaped remains a mystery, for Mr. Antoni cannot be reached for comment even by one of those American bishops whose lines to the Deity are so clear. The congressional race perpetrated in California's fourteenth district was even more stirring. There the Democrats put up a candidate hounded by cranial "voices." The candidate, Miss Ruth Carlson, won her chance to campaign for Republican Norman Shumway's seat by beating two other Democrats in the June primary, but those "voices" would not relent even during debates when, according to the redoubtable *Los Angeles Times*, they made it very difficult for the New Age Liberal to hear the questions. "I think they're trying to kill me," she declared during one debate. "They might want to do it publicly. I don't know. But I call them lunatics myself." When asked her thoughts on a local dam she startled the assembled candidates and reporters alike by shouting, "Shoo. Shoo. They're trying to blank my mind. They want to get me into court, where I'll spend a lot of money." On the national debt she was equally eloquent: "Shoo. Well, I have a lot of good ideas. Shoo." It is a response both presidential candidates could have resorted to.



•The cisatlantic friends of Svetlana Stalin and those in Europe too were given much to rejoice over when she lit out for her Soviet homeland. She was the Soviet Union's first feminist, and over here she was a woman's libber of the first canto. While in her infamous father's house she grumbled. In the United States she grumbled. One of her suitors, Mr. Brijesh Singh—an Indian and probably a pacifist—expired during their engagement. Her next, the American architect Mr. William Wesley Peters, was not so fortunate and married her. Naturally they were divorced, and she took her heaving bosom to Princeton, New Jersey. From there she went to Cambridge, England, thence to chill Russia where she will be locked securely away until the KGB finds proper occasions to put her bilious disposition on display. It is a fitting ending for her and for all feminists; most of whom have shown that, though they repine for personal liberty, personal liberty is precisely what they cannot endure, not for themselves nor for anyone else. Good riddance!

•Those who scruple over mixing religion and politics pointed to India where Prime Minister Indira Gandhi fell victim to religious hostilities, but did they notice the campaign outburst of the Rev. Andy Young who late in the race declared that black supporters of the President were millionaires who "are probably going to hell"? The historically minded will find his judgment in the October 27 *New York Times*, unaccompanied by any reproach from the likes of Mr. Norman Lear or Herblock. In North Carolina Mrs. Margie Velma Barfield, the murderess who laced her husband's beer with rat poison and also killed her mother, was executed. She is the first homicidal woman executed in the United States in 22 years, and she joins a lengthening line of scoundrels who have exited the planet via such excellent public conveyances as gas chambers and electric chairs. In lit news Miss Vanessa Williams has agreed to write her memoirs for St. Martin's Press, and in art news Miss Claudia Buchanan won first prize at The World's Largest Pork Barbecue Festival in Kewanee, Illinois. Her masterwork, "Pork-Bones Sculpture," stands four feet high and is practically odorless.

•A potentially dangerous international incident that began at Shannon Airport in Ireland when a young Russian entered the duty-free shop asking for "protection" was averted when Irish immigration officials who were whisking him away ascertained that his goal was not freedom but condoms. England's Animal Liberation Front admitted that its claim of having injected Mars Bars with rat poison was a hoax intended to protest the Mars Candy Company's experiments on sugar-induced tooth decay in laboratory monkeys. Animal rights militants in the United States also rose up on their hind legs when they learned that doctors in Loma Linda, California, had transplanted the heart of a baboon into a sixteen-day-old girl. The operation could touch off a veritable stampede on baboon organs, particularly by porn stars and subscribers to *Playboy* magazine who dream volupt dreams of baboon *amour*. Soon this noble ape would be on the endangered list.

•The Krumlands, Gerald and Ana Costa, are back in San Francisco, Ana Costa having given birth to a nine-pound boy in a Leningrad Hotel as a gesture of international goodwill. "It was a time of extreme tension between the United States and the Soviet Union," explained Gerald speaking of his decision to have the Krumlands' baby born in the land with the highest infant mortality rate of all industrialized countries. "We felt compelled to make some personal gesture of peace and love." The couple is "not particularly political," though they live intensely—he a Lutheran, she a "strict Catholic," their marriage was before a rabbi, and their honeymoon was at a Marin County Zen Center. In York, England, a $125 fine was levied against Mr. Larry O'Dowd who, upon being told to move along by the police, had turned and addressed the officer's German shepherd with a "meow" that the officer adjudged "abusive, threatening, and insulting." Consequently the cop bashed him and sent him off to the hoosegow.

•In religious news, the sacred government of Iran celebrated the fifth anniversary of its takeover of the American embassy by declaring the United States a "demonic creature," despite Walter Mondale's repeated campaign claim that ours is the "most religious nation on earth." A man-made heart was placed in the body of an Indiana man, though any idiot knows that in Loma Linda, California, there is a baboon in far greater need of the thing. And what about that poor turkey in Louisville, Kentucky? There a group of eighth-graders aroused the wrath of the Kentucky Humane Society Animal Rescue League by reenacting the Thanksgiving-day dinner of pioneers. With forty students watching, thirteen-year-old Mr. Robin Ham led the turkey, Mr. Willy Wally, into the school yard and beheaded him with an ax. Louisville's candy counters will be off limits for years.

—RET

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EDITORIALS

LIBERALS IN THE DARK

by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

What is happening in the Great Republic? Has the average Americano lost his mind? Is he actually against tax increases and opposed to all the other perfumed desiderata heaved up in recent months by the doughty Walter Mondale? Throughout the campaign we were told that according to the polls the citizenry agreed with Mr. Mondale on "the issues." Then came November 6, and he lost every state in the Union save Minnesota. How is the mystery to be explained?

After profound cerebrations and scholarly consultations with learned professors I am now in a position to vouchsafe the explanation: The "issues" were liberal issues. They are issues that evoke vast displays of bathos and bilge from the public moralizers of the Republic. As pieties go they tyrannize us all. But as issues go they are dead issues—at least with the majority. This is not to say that the average Americano is against that nub of truth that rests at the center of these issues, but most Americans feel that they have done enough on such matters as civil rights and welfare. Now they want to pass on to other public matters and the only citizens who disagree are stoneheaded reactionaries and those charlatans who exploit these issues for their own gain.

Naturally, the average Americano felt Walter Mondale would be more sympathetic toward such pious concerns as welfare, the environment, and civil rights. A more illuminating question for the pollsters to ask would have been: *Should* Mr. Mondale have been more sympathetic? From all I can tell the answer would have been in the negative. It is not that the American people are against welfare and civil rights, for instance. It is that the American people feel they have gone as far as they can with government solutions to these problems. They oppose any more coercive social engineering. They are against affirmative action. They have spent hundreds of billions of dollars on welfare and they doubt that hundreds of billions more will turn the dependent into free and self-reliant citizens. They find life in America a very expensive proposition, and they are tapped out.

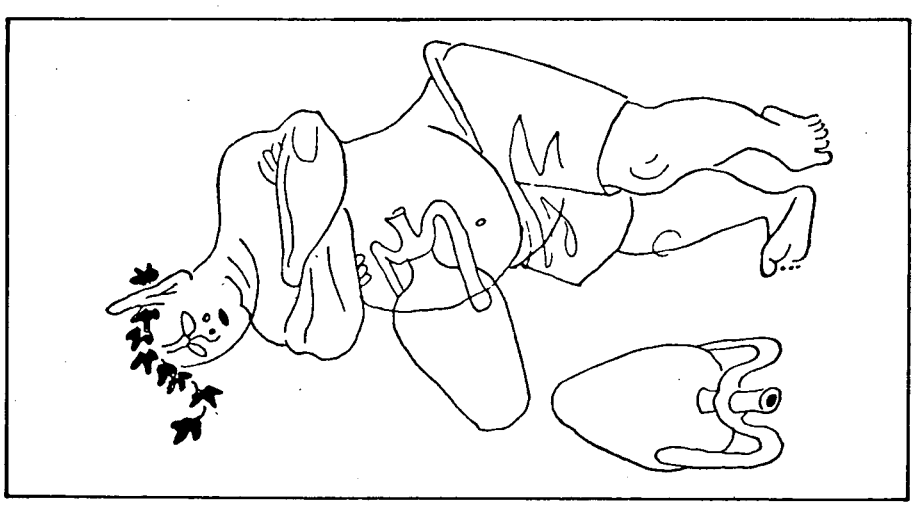
What remains a mystery is how such a smart fellow as Walter Mondale became so confused about the concerns and needs of his fellow Americans. Did he know during the late campaign that most Americans found him irrelevant when he droned on about the poor and the suffering? Did he know that there is a growing body of scholarship suggesting that the very programs that Mr. Mondale would fatten are now afflictions for the poor and suffering? My guess is that Mr. Mondale remains completely oblivious to the average Americano's state of mind and to the real problems facing those who voted against him. Mr. Mondale is now, most probably, warming himself in the same waters of self-love as all those other liberals who lay the recent electoral results to the selfishness of the electorate.

Such liberals have vast influence in the media, the educational establishment, and other such realms. They are employed in positions that assume intelligence, education, and sophistication. The tasks they perform are integral to modern life in the late twentieth century. And it is very amusing to observe that they are almost as ignorant of the forces at work around them as an eighteenth-century peasant scratching away at the soil and wearing an old sock around his neck to ward off the ague.

For such liberals these are dark days. What do the Reaganites have in mind? Bible readings on the evening news? For the menfolk, mandatory coats and ties in public? For the ladies, dresses and skirts all the way down to the ankle? All the ominous claptrap about the rising powers of the Rev. Falwell suggests that there are liberals out there expecting such reforms and worse. Off in the hills of West Virginia at the fag end of campaign '84, the Hon. Mondale was heard uttering such weird stuff as "Have you noticed that in the past four years, we haven't heard the words 'compassion' or 'decency' or 'sharing?'" And he concluded: "That's not America."

Well, it now appears that Ronald Reagan understands America better than do Mr. Mondale and his fellow liberals. Times have changed as have the issues. The Ronald Reagan of twenty years ago has moved a bit to the left. Sensible liberals and other members of the Roosevelt coalition have moved somewhat to the right, while Democrats like Mr. Mondale have found themselves trapped by left-wing extremists. The questions for the future are: Can the Democrats free themselves from the extremists, and do the new Republicans have the acuity to gain at least equality in the media and the universities? Otherwise American politics will remain a mystery, and an apparent injustice—at least to our elites.

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Post *column syndicated by King Features.*



WITH THE YUPPIES

San Francisco—American society continues to churn out its multitude of contradictions, some of which are contradictory to the point of stupefaction. Here I am, in a city that in this year's elections went heavily for the party of compassion & decency. Everywhere I go I speak seductively of the wisdom that I have interred in my latest tome, *The Liberal Crack-Up*, and keep a weather eye out for the constituent elements of that crack-up, particularly Yuppies. They did not expire with the expiry of Senator Gary Hart's campaign. They slog on, climbing ever upward, buying BMWs, fretting over American materialism, acquiring fine wines, and welcoming progressive pastoral letters from contented American bishops.

Theirs is a movement to watch, and in San Francisco one of the best vantage points for watching Yuppies is the Washington Square Bar & Grill, a congenial eatery run by two life-long Democrats, Ed Moose and Sam Deitsch. I have spent useful hours in their establishment and it is my unhappy duty to report to the American bishops that in all the Yuppie yakking I have heard very little expended on the bishops' exhortations about Third World poverty. Actually, I heard considerably more palaver about the prodigies being wrought by California's winegrowers.

Yuppies, of course, are supposed to be very *au courant* with progressive America's moral conscience. But there is grave confusion among the progressives in this department. The bishops, for instance, lecture us on the

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obvious—our responsibility to our neighbors—while prescribing failed panaceas, to wit: socialism or at least a welfare state without limits. Others, such as Yuppies, are absolutely convinced of their own moral superiority over other productive members of the Republic and go on about their business, consuming madly—and at the Washington Square Bar & Grill the Yuppies' staple was California wine. Is this bad?

I think not. As hypocrisies go, the Yuppies are bound to have a more salutary influence than many of the other hypocrites at work in the land. In their hankering for consumption they are galvanizing enterprise. In their bustle to get ahead they are providing goods and services. Moreover, sometimes their mundane appetites increase the amenities of American life prodigiously. Consider that California wine.

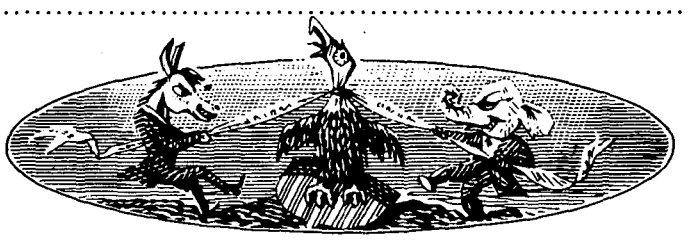
I have personally reconnoitered through the Napa Valley above San Francisco, where some of the very best California wines are produced. The area is quite beautiful, putting one in mind of those gentle regions north of Rome where some of Italy's best wines are produced. Two very contemporary currents are encouraging growth in this California region: Yuppies' high-toned tastes and post-1960s entrepreneurship. The result is the fastest improving wine industry in the world.

How those Catholic bishops who now harangue capitalism will take this news is as inscrutable to me as their cure-alls for poverty. Yet in the Napa Valley jobs are being provided where once there were few. And those jobs are no drain on our natural resources at all. They demand only soil, sun, hard work, and ingenuity.

Consider the Joseph Phelps Vineyards. Begun only in 1970, they now produce 60,000 cases yearly, all of it comparing favorably with some of France's and Italy's most ancient wine-growing regions or my palate is deceiving me. The vineyards were begun by Mr. Phelps after he had spent years at the head of a successful construction company. The endeavor was a gamble. A considerable sum was necessary to buy the land and to transform it into a prestigious winery. Vast knowledge was needed, but the University of California at Davis has been turning out first-rate students of the grape for years and so the area has its talented oenologists. All these elements Mr. Phelps whipped together and in the spirit of enterprise created a product that is first class. All of us know that in Silicon Valley Yankee ingenuity is creating high-grade products that the world has never seen before. To the north of the valley that same ingenuity is turning out one of the oldest products known to the species Homo sapiens, and it is equally welcome.

As I am wont to say these days, liberalism has cracked up. The bishops go their way. The Yuppies go theirs. If I have to choose I shall go with the Yuppies. Their wine may not be blessed but in northern California it has created economic growth, the surest way to alleviate poverty. □

CAPITOL IDEAS



HILTON SPIRITUALITY

by Tom Bethell

The U.S. Catholic bishops, by now famous for their denunciation of capitalism, stay at the Capital Hilton when they come to Washington for their fall annual meeting. It has become a tradition, you might say, for all except the progressive Auxiliary Bishop Thomas Gumbleton of Detroit, who won't stay at the place. And if this is a portent of things to come, then I should imagine that within a few years the bishops may very likely be sharing lodgings with the street people—furnished courtesy of Mitch Snyder and the Community for Creative Non-Violence.

For the moment, however, the bishops unpack their bags at the Hilton—price range: $68 to $140 for single rooms. Then they can go downstairs to Twigs, the chic restaurant on the 16th Street side of the building, with its bamboo basket chairs, recessed spot lights, suspended ferns, and attentive waiters, for a little pick-me-up: lump crab and walnut salad, say, or a glass of Franciscan *fume blanc* ($16.00 a bottle) or amarelle and chocolate souffle cheesecake dessert. Gumbleton may have withheld his business, but during the recent anti-capitalist get-together Twigs did a roaring episcopal trade, apparently. Sometimes, it seemed, the whole restaurant was full of black suits and clerical collars.

Within the United States Catholic Conference the objection has been raised that maybe the Hilton is a bit worldly, a bit capitalist and maybe the bishops should meet in a monastery or a retreat house. But the counterargument has been: It is also conveniently located. I mean, a couple of blocks from the White House, and a couple of blocks from the *Washington Post* offices; perfect for blowing a raspberry at one end and accepting a bouquet at the other.

One has to consider the media in this day and age. They have to be catered to, don't they, if one is to get one's message to the public? And at the Hilton there are news-center facilities on the mezzanine; telephones aplenty, reference books and telecopiers. The media will not only be on hand, they can get pretty impatient at times. The Working Press! So, messenger service to Western Union is available. The Weakland press conference, the main event, would be held in the chandelier-laden Congressional Room. Then, later on, the cocktail party for the media would be given at the deco-decorated Embassy Room, right next door to Twigs. At this function a member of the working press was heard to announce that the bishops were progressing, but that John O'Connor of New York was something of an embarrassment. (An atavism.)

I arrived in time for Archbishop Rembert Weakland's Sunday press conference. There were to be found press kits, plastic labels, free coffee, and an utterly devout media flock; at one end of the room was a whole forest of TV cameras perched on tripods, and at the other a dais, a lectern, a long table, and five concerned bishops illuminated by megawatts. Archbishop Weakland delivered his indictment from center stage.

Outside, down in the foyer, there was the inconsequential palm-court tinkling of a cocktail party piano: Guests

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drifted idly back and forth from Godiva Chocolatier of Bruxelles and New York to Sures Jewelers, and late lunchers lingered over their Frozen Grand Marnier éclairs with chocolate sauce. At the bar, kittens played on the keys. Upstairs prophecy from the lips of Weakland: A Terrible Indictment did he deliver, while the media contingent sat through it in perfect stillness, imbibing every delicious episcopal word.

The media have been going it alone for years, after all, biting the hand that feeds them and admiring themselves in the mirror for furnishing such a disinterested critique of the United States. Now the bishops were beginning to show a desire to play catch-up with a me-too coda. Of course, in time the media would be bound to turn and snap at them, too. In fact, within a few days Hobart Rowen of the *Washington Post* was on TV grumbling that of *course* there was all this poverty, what with the bishops' refusal to endorse birth control, and there was gratitude for you. (See what you are likely to get for trading principle for respectability? A reminder that you were too little and too late.) But for the time being, by and large, the press was ready to deliver an ovation. And so they did.

"We find it a disgrace," said Weakland, "that 35 million Americans live below the poverty level [now over ten thou a year] and millions more hover just above it. We are appalled—the pens were flying across the page and the cameras were staring silently—"We are appalled at the sight of extreme poverty elsewhere on this globe. The American economic system has done much to create the standard of living so many of us enjoy. We can be proud of this achievement, but we must not become complacent. The test of any economic system is how it takes care of its poor and what steps it takes to help them be full and contributing members of society."

There. That would no doubt yield a nice little ten-second bite for the evening news. Next there were questions from the Working Press in the pews, orchestrated by William Ryan of the U.S. Catholic Conference. Kenneth Briggs (*New York Times*), Russell Chandler (*L.A. Times*), Marjorie Hyer (*Washington Post*), Bruce Buursma (*Chicago Tribune*), Jim Franklin (*Boston Globe*), David Anderson (*UPI*), and many others on hand, but somehow the adversary press had failed to show this afternoon. Today it was to be the bodyguard press. One typical question was: How are you going to respond to the inevitable criticisms of your prophetic letter? One or two questions came vaguely from the bishops' left. "Why did you wait until after the election, when the abortion issue was raised during the campaign?" But other than that all questions were friendly. Peter Behr, economic writer for the *Washington Post,* set the tone by asking Weakland *why* (not whether) there is "more greed" in America today than formerly.

Having swatted away the last softball, Weakland received a round of applause—now apparently routinely delivered up by the press for fellow travelers and ideological soulmates.

After the applause died down I approached the podium and soon found myself hemmed in by a tight crush of cameras, microphone booms, and tape recorder-bearing scribes. Jerry Filteau of the National Catholic News Service had the Archbishop's ear and was doing his best to extract from the prelate some rather more leftward-leaning quotes than he had already delivered.

"The government ought to do more to redistribute wealth, isn't that what you're saying? Isn't the basic thrust that the government has to do more?"

"It's there, but I wouldn't want to say it," said the Archbishop of Milwaukee.

"How are you going to get people to take this *seriously*?" asked a reporter from National Public Radio. The poor

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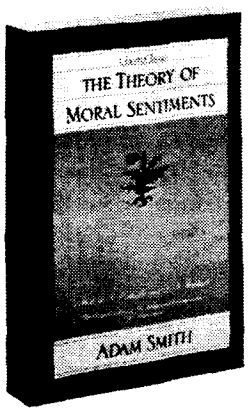

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man sounded desperate, as though socialism were done for if the bishops' agenda was not enacted within the next few weeks.

Father Joseph Fenton, S.M., the Archbishop's public relations man, was standing behind Weakland and from time to time plucking nervously at his garment. He advised that there was a Milwaukee TV crew standing by, couldn't be kept waiting much longer evidently . . . so if we didn't mind, His Excellency would be moving on. I stood close by the Archbishop as he was interviewed on camera. He began to sweat slightly under the lights, but on the whole he did a good job of holding up under the pressure; even with friendlies it is a strain to be barraged with questions by the press. At the end the Milwaukee man asked him: "Are you going to recommend that women increase their voice in the church?"

"My record has been good on that," said Weakland. "Thank you."

A woman from Dutch television had her turn next, and she asked whether America really should "go to a more controlled economy," since her country had tried all these episcopal remedies in turn and now had a sky-high unemployment rate.

A theologian might have understood Weakland's reply, but I'm afraid it eluded me.

Finally it was my turn—one question only—and so I asked Weakland how actions compelled by the state could have any moral component.

" . . . Free action must be based on conscience, formed on the basis of solidarity with others. . . . " That was a *part* of his reply, at least. It struck me that on the economic issues Weakland was ever so slightly out of his depth (nothing unusual there, of course), but I had to admire him for the adept way he came up with these smoothly worded, mystifying replies. They left one pausing fatally, scratching one's head for the possible meaning, and so gave him the edge.

There was so much more: Committees met and secretariats communicated; there were liaisons and renewals, briefings on the mezzanine, breakfast on an individual basis. There were conciliations and arbitrations, and a meeting of an ERA Interdisciplinary Committee. When Archbishop Quinn of San Francisco spoke to a gathering about the Vatican-ordered inquiry into the status of religious life in America, Rita Hofbaur, public relations nun for the Leadership Conference of Women Religious, wearing a tweed jacket and knee-high leather boots, listened intently and took notes. She told a reporter later that she felt "a sense of okayness" with Quinn, who heads the inquiry and is expected to allay Vatican qualms with all-is-well whitewash.

By the time it was all over the bishops must have felt that they had received their just reward: acres of press attention, a lengthy summary of their pastoral letter in the *New York Times*, favorable editorials all over the place, including the *New York Times* and *Washington Post*; and perhaps best of all, utterly predictable hostility from the *Wall Street Journal* and those right-wing columnists. On the last evening, in any event, about thirty of the bishops went out for a little celebration. Perhaps forgetting Archbishop Weakland's injunction, that "we cannot rest content with a full stomach when all those people out there are starving," they proceeded four blocks down K Street, NW and took their places at Tiberio's, one of those fearfully smart and expensive restaurants with no menu in the window, with silver wine buckets, with fresh roses on the table, a great glistening gateau display by the door, modern paintings, seemingly more waiters than customers, and a wine list where, quite honestly, on any given page, all the wines listed are likely to be over $100 a bottle. The total bill came to $2,500, but the maître d' wouldn't tell me whether this included the tip. □

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Benjamin J. Stein

LOVE BETWEEN THE AGES

Traci is 16, Steve is 44, and they've got a thing going.

This is a story of adults who act like children, and of children who act like adults. It is in many ways a story of this time and this place, in which old codes and rules have been swept into the despised corner of the obsolete. This story could have been told as an isolated curiosity, even as a crime, at any time, in any place. But as a staple of daily life, it sings of America in 1984, even more of California in 1984, when the cults of self-obsession, self-absorption, and anything goes mingled with the fashions of "me first" as a *virtue*.

"I can assure you that this kind of event would never happen in a time and place when parents were truly convinced that they owed their first duties to their children," says Paul Hyman, M.D., psychoanalyst to the rich and powerful on Los Angeles's West Side. "It would never happen if children believed that their parents were interested in them and taking care of them even half as much as they were interested in themselves."

What Paul Hyman refers to is the practice, perhaps the malpractice, of middle-aged men *routinely* having teenage girls as their girlfriends here in Los Angeles. This is not the occasional pickup of the wayward teenage girl by the man offering candy from a passing car. We are here discussing the event of teenage girls going with men in their thirties, forties, and fifties as if those men were their high-school sweethearts. Nor are we talking about teenage mistresses. The relationships in this instance have almost nothing to do with money changing hands. They have to do with a more drastic and amazing redirection of psychic and emotional currents, with the unorthodox meeting of personal psychic needs, the absence of emotional reward in the home, and the elimination of any clear line between the fantasy and the real here in California and in America generally.

I see this pairing phenomenon in action all the time: a Vice-President on the Burbank Studios lot and a junior at a parochial girls' high school; a manufacturer of highly advanced micro-circuits in Sunnyvale and a high-school sophomore in Los Gatos; a fabulously successful speculator in precious metals and a high-school student from an elite girls' school in Holmby Hills; a producer with academy awards in his study and a high-school dropout from Panorama City; a writer-producer in Hollywood and his high-school senior girlfriend who comes to his office after her classmates choose a site for the Spring Picnic. Men in middle age, solidly in middle age, going with girls who literally ride their bicycles to their rendezvous.

This, again, is not something wayward and extraordinary any longer, but something tolerated and definitely encouraged within many circles in Los Angeles and in California generally. The man who has a black Porsche on any street in Los Angeles is nobody. The man who has a seventeen-year-old girlfriend has status. The high-school girl who has Esprit sportswear filling her closet is one of many. The girl who can tell her friends about weekends in Carmel has cachet.

Now, to be sure, older men have always had fantasies about little girls. The accountant fixated on the cheerleader is a staple of romantic fantasy. But in California, in 1984, the line between fantasy and reality no longer exists for many people.

"This kind of blurring of fantasy and reality actually heightens the sexual stimulation of the situation," says Robert Stoller, M.D., a psychiatrist at UCLA Medical School. "Power relationships are at the heart of all sexual fantasy. Now, a classic power/weakness fantasy—that of the powerful older man and the little girl—is allowed to happen in both fact and fancy, and that creates great excitement. It could only happen in a society, like ours, in which distinct lines between the unconscious and the conscious are rapidly disappearing."

"The magazines and the TV shows tell you that you have only one life to live," says Paul Hyman. "They tell you that you have to get it while you can and not let any 'worthless' rules get in your way. The middle-aged men hear it and the girls hear it, and they act on it."

The result is that well-known powers in the TV production business appear at Ma Maison with sixteen-year-old girlfriends and no one casts a stone. Corporate powers wait outside high schools with gifts of airplane tickets to Lake Tahoe and the lucky girl's friends are envious. "It's frightening," says Paul Hyman.

Thoughtful words from Drs. Hyman and Stoller, but right now they don't mean a thing to Traci Wenders, who has just showed up at Birmingham High School with, can you believe it, a little circle pin of diamonds and emeralds from Cartier. They aren't rhinestones. They're real and they're not fake and they're causing quite a commotion right now in Traci's homeroom, where the sun coming in off Victory Boulevard is making them sparkle like the Ice Castle in *Superman II*.

Frankly, Traci feels damned good about it. She is a pretty little girl, with long black hair and a tiny button nose and big light brown eyes ("hazel, really," she says) that change to light green and then to gray at different times of the year. And she's always had a few friends, but never really been part of the Birmingham High School "in-crowd" of the hippest boys and girls. She never got invited to the really biggest parties given by the kids who walk on water. She and her pals Camilla and Diane have always been sort of out in the cold together, and now, now with the pin this week and the video tape camera last week, Traci is really starting to get noticed in a serious way.

Status toys are an important item at Birmingham High School, and they can make or break you as a junior. For almost two years now, Traci had to look on foolishly as everybody else got a Honda Prelude or a VW Rabbit convertible and a whole line of Esprit

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clothes and weekend trips to Snowbird. Traci would always laugh at them and call them show-offs, but inside it hurt. It wasn't that her parents were poor. Not at all. Her father was an engineer at Litton out in Agoura and her Mom worked part-time at a card shop in the Galleria. But they spent most of what they made on Dad's classic Ferrari and Mom's clothes, and even though Traci never wanted for anything, really, it always seemed to her that her parents just weren't really *aware* of what they should be giving her to help her keep her end up in school.

Truth to tell, however, the real problem was not about *things*. Frankly, if someone really asked Traci just exactly what the last thing her parents had done for her to show her they were interested in her might have been, she would have had a hard time answering. Her father didn't even really know what grade she was in, which seriously hurt her. Her Mom couldn't remember the names of Camilla and Diane, and that hurt her even more. Traci knew that her parents were not supposed to be tied down to her, and they were entitled to have a life just like everybody else, but sometimes, when she watched ancient reruns of "Ozzie and Harriet," she really wondered what had gone wrong. She had this really weird problem of even starting to cry when she saw how Ricky's Mom was always there, always interested in everything he did, coming to his high-school dances and even the ones in junior high. Of course, that was back in the fifties, when life was really bogus, but even so, "Ozzie and Harriet" made her cry.

But that's all changed now, ever since Steve White came into her life. Now, instead of feeling that she's missing something, Traci feels as if she's holding up a big 12-ounce can of Life and it's so filled up, it's overflowing.

"Where did you get it?" Camilla whispers to Traci. "Is it your Mom's?"

"You didn't steal it, did you?" Diane asks in a rush.

"My godfather gave it to me," Traci says. "He really loves to give me presents. A pin like this is nothing for him. This is from Cartier, that fancy store on Rodeo Drive."

"Killer," says Camilla.

"Radical," says Diane.

Traci waits a few seconds for this to sink in, then she puts in the zinger. "Next week," she says, "he's taking me looking for cars. Toyotas," she adds. "Celicas."

"Wow," says Diane. "I don't even have a godfather. Maybe yours would like to adopt me."

"I'm sure," says Traci and then Mr. Rosen tells them they'll have to go to the principal's office if they don't shut up, so Traci just sits back in her chair and lets the sun catch the diamonds and emeralds in the pin her "godfather" gave to her. This, she later tells a friend, is the way it should be, with her at last getting some attention.

As Mr. Rosen drones on about Career Day, Traci lets her thoughts go right out that window, over Victory Boulevard, out to Steve White. She wondered what he was doing right then, at that very minute when she was in her stupid little homeroom. No, she said to herself, she certainly did not feel guilty about what she and Steve were doing. After all, she had done it before with Tom from English class and she was pretty damned sure that Tom didn't really care about whether she lived or died. Tom had the unbelievable nerve to actually tell her that he only went out with her because Terri, one of the cheerleaders and a total queen at Birmingham, was dating some guy from Cal State Northridge now. Forget about it! Let them talk about sophomores at Cal State Northridge. Big f---ing deal.

"I can assure you that this kind of event would never happen in a time and place when parents were truly convinced that they owed their first duties to their children."

Steve White had lunch almost every day with people she just read about in *People*. He was important. Traci had even seen his name in the newspapers, and her Dad once said he was a really important lawyer in Los Angeles. So, as far as Traci was concerned, she had left the world of Tom and Terri and the losers far behind.

Not only that, but Steve White was really interested in every single thing Traci did. The very first time she met him at Gelson's on Riverside and Laurel Canyon, he had asked her about those schoolbooks she was carrying in her shopping cart. She told him she was terrible in Algebra II, and he had told her right then and there a really simple rule for rationalizing factors in complex quadratic equations.

He called her every day and asked her what her homework was. One day when she was totally stuck on a paper about the budget deficit, he had done it for her and delivered it to her, in her mailbox, all typed with her name and the course in the upper right hand corner like they were supposed to be.

And that was before she had even become his "girlfriend," so she knew that he really cared about her. That was a lot more than she could say about Tom. Steve White really wanted to know every little thing about her life. That meant a lot more to her than the presents, although she liked the presents quite a lot, too.

It was true that Steve White was married. Sometimes, Traci felt a little bad about that. She knew that if she were married, she wouldn't want to have her husband fooling around with a sixteen-year-old. Not only that, but Traci had seen Cassie White a few times at Gelson's, and Cassie didn't really look like a bad person. Traci really wished she didn't have to hurt her like this.

But Steve had told her that he and Cassie had been having problems for quite a while now, and that Cassie wasn't entirely innocent either. Traci didn't know precisely what that meant, but she assumed it meant that maybe Cassie was fooling around, too, which meant that maybe she deserved just what was happening now between Steve and Traci. Not only that, but even though Steve hadn't said it, Traci figured that Cassie must not be much of a wife if she had a great guy, a really generous guy like Steve, and didn't act right enough for him to stay home. If Cassie was that much of a fool, surely that was not Traci's fault. Steve White had the biggest heart of anyone Traci had ever met. If he was unfulfilled at home, he was just too nice a guy to ignore. Traci had seen a similar situation on "Dynasty" with John Forsythe and Joan Collins, and she knew these things happened.

Not only that, but Steve was going to New York on business soon, and Traci had figured out a way to go with him. He promised he would take her if she worked it out at home, and Traci had a very good idea of just how she might do that on a weekend really soon when her Mom and Dad were going on an "Actualizations" and Weight Reduction Weekend in Ojai. A trip to New York! Ever since Steve White had come into her life, it had all become like Fantasy Island!

She hoped that at this particular moment he was thinking about her, even though she knew he was really busy over in Century City.

"The adult who has a romantic interest in a child is usually acting out a fantasy relationship in which he has complete power over the child and is reversing feelings of powerlessness that he had as a child," says Robert Stoller, M.D. "In a way, this is the nature of all sexual attraction. The dynamic of power and the mirroring of feelings of powerlessness, the turning of them into feelings of power, is basic to all sexual interest. The child as a sex object is a perfect crystal clear example of taking a situation which would be frightening for a man, i.e., having sex with a woman who might hurt him and have power over him, and changing that situation so that it is the man who has all the power over the child. But the child happens also to be a woman, so now the man has the perfect solution to his problem: a sexual relationship with a woman in which he, the man, has all the power, at least in the beginning." Dr. Stoller adds, "The whole nature of who has power and who doesn't can change drastically as the relationship evolves."

But wait a minute! What is all this talk about powerlessness? We're talking here about Steve White, who just happens to be so hot right now in the law business that his neighbors in 1975 Century Park East are hosing down their ceilings just in case.

Hot doesn't even do this guy justice. Steve White has just gone to the top partner in his firm, a legal institution with over one hundred and fifty lawyers, and told him that he, Steve White, has just gotten a promise from -----, the President of a VERY BIG OIL COMPANY, that from now on, Steve's firm can represent all of their merger and oil lease acquisition work. He has actually taken that account away from a white-shoe New York law firm that would have coronary thrombosis when they got the news. Except for one other client, a TV network, this will be the biggest client in the firm. This will mean twenty new associates, at the very least. This will mean a new floor in Century City and a big bonus for every partner, especially for Steve White.

Steve White is not only an ace litigator, but a very top-notch client getter, or rainmaker, and to call him powerless has to be a bad joke. Doesn't it? Well, doesn't it?

Maybe, because the fact is that Steve has to be back early from a lunch at the Los Angeles Country Club so that he can be over to Birmingham High School by 3:30 so he can take Traci shopping for a car. He promised himself that if he closed this account with ----- Oil, he would splurge and buy her the kind of car that would make her eyes widen and make her mouth drop open and make her friends crazy. After all, if Steve White, who just pulled off the biggest rain dance in the history of his firm, can't do that for a sweet thing like Traci, he's not much.

And please don't give Steve any of your nonsense about how the bare fact that a grown man is trying to impress a sixteen-year-old girl by buying her a car is a sign that he feels powerless in the world of adults and can only feel powerful in relation to children. That's

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just Freudian claptrap, isn't it? Well, isn't it?

Well, Steve may not think there is anything wrong with that, and maybe, by some standards, there is nothing wrong with it. But, "for a forty-four year old man to be spending his afternoon looking for a car for a sixteen year old is, without any question, a sign of a personality that requires constant boosting, constant pumping up," says Paul Hyman. "You can call that powerless or you can call that reaction formation or call it anything you want, but it is not a mark of a self-assured personality."

However, this morning, after his meeting with the managing partner, Steve White is not talking to Dr. Hyman. He is not thinking about personalities and reaction formation. Instead, he is thinking that he has really broken neck trying to close the deal with ----- Oil, and now he is going to get some respect for himself. The managing partner was grateful, but Steve could tell that there was just a glint of jealousy and cunning in the old man's blue eyes. For Christ's sake, the man could have done a little more than invite Steve to a two-bit lunch at the L.A.C.C., which Steve hates anyway. Considering what Steve just pulled off, the old guy's gratitude was definitely on the restrained side.

That's the way it is in every goddamned thing Steve White does. He works like a slave, making small talk with this turkey from ----- Oil, pretending to admire the old fool's incredibly poor game, even looking away when the guy changes his lie, and throwing his weekends into the trash heap for six months, and this is what he gets: a promise and a handshake and a chicken sandwich at the L.A.C.C. This is no way for the firm to treat its ace rainmaker, its crown prince, Steve White.

Just for old time's sake, Steve White starts to call Cassie at home in Toluca Lake to talk about how cheated he feels. But he hangs up the phone even before she comes on the line. What's the point? She'll just tell him he's wrong, that everybody at the firm loves him, that he's a prince of a guy not only at the firm but everywhere, and then she'll tell him he needs a rest. Cassie means well, but she really hasn't had the number that can help Steve for a good long time now.

What does help, what really makes Steve feel on top of the world is to take Traci somewhere and buy her something great that makes her want to do anything for him. A videotape set-up, a little pin from Cartier, a little car, maybe a Rabbit, maybe a Toyota Celica, and she simply worships the ground he walks on.

Steve gets up from his chair, walks out into the hall and tells Sheila, his trusty secretary, that he wants a little air. He goes down in the elevator and walks across the street to the news stand in 1880 to look for the Recycler, just to see what cars are in the paper that day. But wait a minute. Wait just a minute! Why should he buy her a used car? Why not a brand new one? After all, how much more can it cost him? How much more will she love it?

Just thinking about how happy Traci will be makes Steve feel a lot better than he ever did when he was talking to the managing partner. Steve loves to buy Traci presents. If he were put under hypnosis and a gun put against his temple, he would have to admit that he loves to buy her presents *not* because they encourage her to sleep with him. Steve hopes and believes she would do that out of love alone. (Although he would not stake his life on that.) But he loves to see in her eyes just how important she thinks he is, just how BIG he is for being able to buy her the things she has always hoped and dreamed of.

But wait a minute. Wait just a minute! Why should he buy her a used car? Why not a brand new one?

That feeling of largeness that he can see reflected in Traci's multi-colored eyes is his reward, and not the afternoons he spends with her at his little condo on Manhattan Beach Boulevard. In a world of equivocation and cunning and an endless effort to walk through the swamp of adult life, Steve White can count on the big eyes and gratitude of Traci. In a world of hooded eyes and measured responses and "let's have lunch," Steve White can get a full measure of unmixed appreciation from Traci Wenders, and from Traci Wenders alone.

Frankly, if she wanted a Jaguar XJ-S, it would be worthwhile for what he gets out of knowing her.

That is exactly what Steve White has always loved about children: their enthusiastic wholeheartedness. Steve has had other teenage girlfriends, of course, and he really only had one he didn't like to this day. First there were the two sixteen year olds from San Francisco that he had dated when he was a twenty-six-year-old law student at Boalt Hall, Annie and Ann—best friends. Often, when he felt sad, he could still remember how Ann would lie in bed with him and read him poems by Ezra Pound to chase his fears away. Then there was "the sixteen-year-old wonder," a tall, blond aristocrat from Marlborough School named Catherine. She had been the bitch. She really never had that wide-eyed look that he liked. She was more of a Lauren Bacall type, and that might have done wonders for someone, but it did nothing for Steve White. When he was after a child, he didn't want someone with a whiskey-and-cigarettes voice. He wanted a child.

The very best had been Dana, a high-school junior, whom he had met while she was serving pizza at The Straw Hat in Canoga Park. She had been a virtual fountain of enthusiasm about his every gesture. Just for giving her a little Walkman she had cried with gratitude. She started sobbing about how her father didn't even return her telephone calls, and now he had come along, and it was like Fantasy Island every day. (Come to think of it, Traci had used the exact same line. He would have to tell Aaron Spelling.)

Except for Cathy, who was really an imposter, all of the girls had been wonderful. But now they were all gone. Ann had a clothing shop in Aptos. Annie was a painter in Mendocino. Dana was in college in Monterey. Now, the only real live girl he had on hand was Traci.

He met her in the bread section at Gelson's. Cassie hated to grocery shop, and Steve loved to grocery shop, so it was a perfect arrangement. Steve loved the overflowing bounty of grocery stores. There was so much meat and fish and chicken and vegetables and apples and margarine and orange juice that Steve felt as if he would never run out of anything he needed once he stepped inside the door. In addition, there were always teenage girls there shopping for their moms.

When Steve first saw Traci, he knew she had possibilities. She was wearing a baggy white La Coste shirt and baggy Madras shorts, so that she looked like a child-suburban housewife from Darien. She was also studying the labels on the bread as if she were a child Ralph Nader. To Steve, who had a good eye, these were signs of a restless, interested teenage personality. The first thing he said to her, and in a way, the perfect summary of his entire relationship with her, was, "Excuse me, but I really can't tell. Are you a child or a grown up? I really can't tell."

Traci's answer, which was a gem of her own attitude, was, "I'm not really sure. I'm sixteen."

Perfecto! That was all she had to say for Steve to know she was his kind of girl. If *she* didn't know if she was a child or an adult, he was certainly being given an open invitation to do a little experimenting on that subject on his own. First there was the talk about Algebra II. Then there was an exchange of phone numbers, so Steve could help her with her algebra. Then Steve took her to a store and bought her an HP-41CV calculator so that she could do all her algebra in a flash. Then he took her to lunch at La Serre on a day when there was no school. By the time the waiters had finished bowing and scraping to Traci and bringing her a Long Island Iced Tea without any questions, Steve was certain he had a new friend. He gave her the videotape outfit the first day they went to Steve's hideaway on Manhattan Beach Boulevard. That was also the day they became lovers, so on the way home, Steve stopped and bought Traci three videotapes: *Aerobicise, Raiders of the Lost Ark,* and *Star Wars.* He wished he could also have bought her *Snow White,* but she was not interested in it and had never heard of it.

The next time they went to the apartment in Manhattan Beach, Steve looked at Traci and marvelled at how poised and confident she was. "Demon child," he said to her in a half whisper.

"Demon adult," she said back to him. He laughed and felt wonderful for two days.

What were Traci's Mom and Dad doing all this time? Where did they think their little angel was when she was at Steve's apartment making love with a man one year older than her father?

Traci told them that she had a part-time job with a lawyer named Steve White. It had been advertised in the vocational guidance office at Birmingham, according to Traci, and she had been lucky enough to get it.

Traci's Dad did not really have time to dwell on the subject for too long because he was just starting to take up "heavy hands" jogging. That was the system in which you held small weights in your hands while you jogged so that you got not only pulmonary and cardiovascular exercise, but also muscle-building exercise. Mom was at a meeting of wives who wanted to start a stock club, so she did not hear about it at all.

When the flood of gifts became a torrent, when Traci could no longer hide the videotape camera or the pin, did Traci's parents act surprised? Not at all. Traci told them that she was just borrowing these toys from Steve White, and that he was very happy with her work, and might even help her pay for college if they were still working together then.

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How did Traci's Dad react to the offer to help Traci with college? Once, when Steve called to find his demon child, Traci's Dad answered the phone. Did he challenge Steve or try to learn more about him? Not at all.

"Listen, Steve," said Traci's Dad, "Traci tells me you can get a table at La Serre any time you want. I'm going to be taking some Japanese engineers to lunch next week. I've never been to La Serre. It would sure be good if you could help me get a table. Think you could do that?"

"Of course," Steve White said. "Just tell me what day."

After Steve promised to make the call, Traci's Dad said, "Hey thanks for helping me out. By the way, Traci's Mom and I are really happy about what you're doing for little Traci. She tells me you're thinking of helping her out with college."

"If she wants to go," said Steve White, holding his breath.

"That would be wonderful," Traci's Dad said effusively. "Mrs. Wenders and I have been wanting to go to Europe for years now, and if you helped out with the school, it would mean a lot to us."

"I want to make Traci happy," Steve White said.

"And you're doing a lot to help her parents, too," said Traci's Dad, and that was the end of that.

Time passed and what was only a hope is now about to happen: Steve White is taking Traci to New York City! Yes, yes indeed. Steve is going to a convention about oil leasing and the depletion allowance. The thing lasts four days, but Steve only has to stay for one session, so he's totally set with his little Traci.

As it happens, she does not even have to ask her parents if she can "stay at a friend's house." She can tell that they want her to go to New York with Steve. After all, if she does that, they certainly won't have to spend any money on an expensive vacation for her that summer. Traci tells them that Steve will get her a room next to his at the Helmsley Palace. Mom and Dad do not have further questions. Just before she and Steve take off, Traci's Dad does put in a call to Steve, however.

"Listen," he says, "when you're in New York, do you suppose you could pick up some Nina Ricci perfume for my wife? A guy at the office told me it was much cheaper there than it is here."

"Be glad to," Steve White says. He can hear some talking in the background.

"Rosemary says to be sure to keep your eye on Traci so she doesn't run off with any Puerto Ricans, like in *West Side Story*," says Traci's Dad. "You'll take care of her, won't you?"

"You bet I will," Steve answers. Then he hangs up. He's not lying. He will take very good care of Traci. In fact, he will take the kind of care of Traci that Traci has always hoped and wished for. He will take her in the first-class cabin. He will make the stewardesses bring her ice cream and cookies, and will cover her up with a blankie so she can take a nap after she watches the in-flight movie—*Rocky III*. He has the stewardess bring Traci hot chocolate when she wakes up from her nappie. There is a car and driver to meet them at the airport and take them into the hotel. It's really true. Steve is taking "Dynasty" level care of Traci, "Falcon Crest" style care.

Traci is in paradise. The days when she felt neglected, out of it, all on her own, are over. Long over. Now she is the center of her godfather's attention. She is the apple of his eye. She is getting the kind of care that every child dreams of, but very few receive.

There is this one little problem of confusion: Traci is thinking of Steve as if he were a father. He is not her father. He is her lover. In a word, Traci is feeling fairly straightforward feelings of daughter/father affection towards Steve, but Steve is not her father. He is sleeping with her. He is a boyfriend, an inamorato, a lover, who has won her heart by treating her like a daughter and positioning himself as a father. Again, the catch is that he is sleeping with her. The web of feeling would be more or less straightforward transference of affection-for-father-feelings into romantic feelings, which is not rare, except for two little things: first, in terms of her feelings for Steve, she really feels as if he *is* her father, not *like* her father; and second, he appeals to her not because he is reviving long buried feelings of affection for her father, but rather because he is the *first* deeply committed father figure she has ever known.

But, again, these are complex concepts, perhaps best not even examined. The only thing that really matters now is that Steve and Traci have just come back from a French dinner at Les Pleiades on East 76th Street. Steve has even hired one of those horse-drawn carriages to take them back through the park. There is a lap robe and a cool snap in the air, and Traci is deliciously tired after her meal and her flight. Steve has his wool-suited arm around her in the back of the carriage. She can smell the fall leaves and the grass and that smoky, thick smell of New York City which she has never smelled before. She is in heaven. Her godfather is right there taking care of her and what could be wrong?

Back at the Helmsley Palace, back in their room, they can see the spires of St. Patrick's silhouetted against the New York skyline. There are mints in little green foil wrappers on the pillow. There are thick, satin ruffled covers on the bed. The whole thing would just make Camilla and Diane go crazy with jealousy, Traci thinks, and it's just plain perfect.

After they lie in bed for a while, Traci feels hungry. Godfather orders more hot chocolate and a tray of cookies from room service. He falls asleep reading some of his boring old legal papers. Traci watches him sleep on top of the covers, watches the sky turn dark blue over St. Patrick's.

For the tenth time that day, Traci thanks her lucky stars that she ever met this man who would make every day Fantasy Island. It doesn't even really matter about how jealous Diane and Camilla would be, and it does not really matter that Tom would kill himself with jealousy if he knew. The main thing is that after a lifetime of nobody noticing that Traci is really a very good little girl, someone finally cares. She watches his chest rise and fall and eats another cookie. Fantasy Island.

In the morning, Steve sets out for his meeting. He leaves Traci in Bergdorf Goodman with his American Express. For three hours he hears about depletion allowances, severance taxes, royalty trusts, and offshore production. He sits in a windowless room at the St. Regis with a group of old men in wool suits.

But if they could know! Ha! If they could only know that back in his room after lunch he is going to meet a sixteen-year-old-girl with that dense, smooth skin that only children have. . . . They would go CRAZY. He looks around the room at the representatives of oil companies and white-shoe law firms. What do they know? Really, have they ever even lived? Have they ever seen how happy a sixteen-year-old girl is when you take her to La Serre?

Not only that, but if people he knew back in high school, back in Pacific Palisades, could see Traci, they would die of jealousy. Everybody always thought Steve was such a nothing with girls. He didn't even have a date for the Senior Prom and now, here he is, with a girl easily as cute as any of the cheerleaders he went to school with. Not only that, but she hangs on his every word. She is simply madly in love with him, that's all.

The lawyers drone on about depreciation of drilling apparatus but Steve is only thinking about how much Traci loved getting room service, how she ate the milk and cookies while she lay next to him in bed.

("Something that you notice in these relationships is that the girls may act very sophisticated with their peers," says Dr. Paul Hyman, "but they take on the affect of a small child when they are with their older boyfriends. They learn very quickly that the men are interested in them not as adults but as children. Not only are they responding to what the adults want, but they are showing how *they* want to be treated. They do not enter these relationships to be treated like a mature woman. They want to be treated as a loved, pampered child, who happens to have sex with the pamperer.")

After the meeting, on his way across the few blocks that separate him from Traci, Steve actually starts to hum a Bob Dylan song. Appropriately enough, the words go something like:

She aches just like a woman
Yes, and she takes just like a woman
And she makes love, just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl.

The irony is not lost on Steve, and he is laughing as he is singing when he gets back to the room on the thirty-fifth floor of the Helmsley Palace. That's when his heartache begins. →

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The first problem is that Steve is singing the Bob Dylan song, and it is strange music to Traci, so she looks up from her room service club sandwich to smile at him and asks what it is.

"The great Bob Dylan," says Steve White. "The greatest."

"Oooh, I love him," Traci says. "My Dad's got all these really old records by him. I remember hearing him when I was in kindergarten. Is he still alive?"

As if that were not bad enough, Traci is watching a movie on the tube with Shirley MacLaine. Steve and Traci start to discuss movie stars, when suddenly Traci says how much she loves Warren Beatty.

"You do?" says Steve. "I was in college for a while with Warren Beatty."

"*You* were?" Traci asks with astonishment, and that hurts.

Still, they smooth things over until late in the afternoon, when Steve wants to show Traci Wall Street and the financial district. Traci does not want to see Wall Street. She wants to go back to Bergdorf Goodman. See, she saw this really great plum-colored negligée there, only it's three-hundred dollars, and Traci wonders if that's too expensive for Steve. They go over to the fourth floor of Bergdorf's and have a look, and Steve cannot believe what he's seeing.

First of all, Steve likes giving Traci presents. But for her to *ask* for a three-hundred-dollar present is an entirely different thing. Little children do not ask for three-hundred-dollar negligées. They ooh and ah about whatever you choose to give them.

Second, Steve would have had no trouble buying Traci a three-hundred-dollar bicycle or a three-hundred-dollar videogame. Those are the proper gifts for children. But a plum colored negligée from Bergdorf Goodman is for a grown woman, not for a little child. If Traci sees herself as a child, that's proper and correct. If she sees herself as a grown, seductive woman, maybe she's not right for Steve. When he asks for a child, he wants a child.

Still, Steve buys her the negligée. He is riding the tiger of being the provider of all gifts, and if he starts to dismount and start telling her what she can and cannot have, the whole relationship will change drastically.

But, as they go back to the Palace, with Traci proudly carrying her purple bag from Bergdorf's, Steve has to wonder what he's gotten himself in for.

The problem gets worse when Steve tells Traci that maybe they should just stay in that night and have room service. Traci pulls a long face and says that she was counting on going to another French restaurant ("I like those snail things") and especially to riding back from it in a carriage, just like last night. Frankly, Steve is a little jet-lagged, a little fatigued from the meeting, and severely disappointed by the turn of events.

"I'd really rather have room service," he says. "You enjoyed it a lot last night."

"I know I did," she says. "But it's got a really limited menu compared with what we saw at that French restaurant. I don't see any snails or onion soup or anything," she says.

Now Steve is in a multiple bind:

He is still angry at Traci about the negligée. If there was one stroke which could remove from her all the dewy patina of childhood, it was that negligée.

Second, how dare she demand to go out to a French restaurant? Children don't do that. How dare she say that the room service menu is "a little limited"? She is supposed to ooh and ah and feel appreciative of any idea he happens to throw her way. Especially after he has just taken her to New York City by First Class.

What happened to the girl who was in tears of joy after she got a Sony Walkman?

What happened to the little girl who curled in on his chest and slept after she had her milk and cookies?

Little girlfriends are not supposed to ask, "What have you done for me *lately*?"

What happened to the little girl who used to be perfect?

What happened has to do with power and control and assertiveness. Steve has made Traci a much more confident human being. But he wants a little, weak human being. Also, Traci always, at some remove, wanted Steve not only to love her, but to be under her control. "After all," says Dr. Stoller, "these relationships are about the man redistributing power from his mother to himself, and the girl redistributing power from her father to herself. Once the man really likes the girl, the power redistribution goes into high gear. Once the girl really likes the man, he can invest her with any quality he wants but she still has a whip. He dislikes whips."

"The problem is that once into real life," says Paul Hyman, "the dynamic changes so much from the fantasy idealization of each partner that without growth, the relationship dies."

These are clinical, value-neutral, scientific words from a scientist. But Traci Wenders and Steve White are the white mice in the laboratory and right now they are hurting like hell and, exceptions to Dr. Hyman's rule, they are also growing like hell. At dinner, at Lutece (Traci saw it advertised in the *New Yorker*), between the snails and the sea bass, Steve looks at Traci and sighs. She still looks like a child. Her eyes almost comically big and sweet, like the eyes in one of those Keene paintings. Her lipstick gives her a circus clown look. In the ultra-sophisticated room at Lutece, she looks like a waif of innocence and allure who has wandered in by mistake.

When the captain handed them the menus and Traci saw at the bottom of the page that dinner was a *prix fixe* $75 per person, she had looked stricken with guilt. "I had no idea this place was so expensive," she says. "Should we go home? Maybe we can just get a piece of pizza near the hotel."

She even slurped at her onion soup because she knew Steve White liked it when she ate like a little kid.

That alone had melted Steve's heart. She was a child after all, with the innocence and fears of a child. For Traci to have been so overwhelmed by the prices—which he could easily afford to pay, especially on the firm tab—was touchingly infantile. More than that, it was a powerful jolt of his own bigness and wealth.

For her part, Traci was happy that Steve White was looking at her with that godfather look again. She was really getting scared back there at Bergdorf's and at the hotel. He seemed like a different person. She didn't really know him that well. What if he were some kind of maniac? What was she doing in a strange city with a maniac a year older than her father? It scared her.

But now that she was looking like a child and was so obviously impressed with Lutece, Steve was happy again. Traci could see right away that he liked her to act in a certain way, sort of like she had a few years ago when she really was a small child. If Steve White wanted her to act that way, it was fine with her. She had gotten into this whole situation just so she could be his little girl after all, hadn't she? She even slurped at her onion soup because she knew Steve White liked it when she ate like a little kid.

Besides, he looked so happy and so dignified in his dark blue wool suit, almost like John Forsythe on "Dynasty," and he was obviously taking such good care of her, spending more on dinner for her than her mother made in a week, that she just had to fall in love with him all over again. Maybe it wasn't exactly like Fantasy Island, but it was still awfully wonderful.

She just hoped he wouldn't look so angry again, like he had back at the Palace. That was creepy.

And now, as the psychiatrists say, we may perhaps begin. The true beginning is that although the social motivations are confused, although there is a tremendous quantum of psychic confusion in this relationship and all others like it, Traci and Steve really have feelings for each other.

If this were a TV movie, it would end with someone telling Steve that he has behaved like a cad. It might also end with Traci's parents realizing that they have neglected her and that their neglect has forced her into a monstrous relationship. The MOW might also end with Traci realizing that she hated this psychopath all along, going into a group therapy session and coming out a happy teenager again, playing with her pals filling out applications for college. It might even end with Steve driving his BMW off Malibu Canyon Road in an excess of guilt and agony over the way he has behaved.

But this is life. By any reasonable definition, Steve White is in love with Traci. By any reasonable definition, Traci is in love with Steve. The social and psychic motivations may be strained, even pathological. But they have enormously strong feelings of affection for each other. When Steve is in a jam, Traci wants him to feel better. She does this because she loves him, not for a diamond pin or a Walkman. He actually has been better to her than any man in her whole life. He is the first man who really cared whether she was happy or sad, lonely or excited, confident or let down. She is only sixteen, but she has had sex with two other males who didn't care if she lived or died. She doesn't care that Steve is older by almost thirty years. He is her grown-up and she needs him.

As for Steve, he is not, by any conceivable standard, out to victimize Traci. Yes, he is a seriously frightened and confused person. Yes, he has severe problems relating to reality. But she sees him as caring more about her welfare than anyone else ever has, and she is not mistaken. To get slightly ahead of ourselves, the time will come soon when Steve and Traci stop sleeping together. But the time will never come when Steve does not help Traci with her college essays or her plane fare for a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Like most real-life stories, this one has no fixed end.

There is no sudden realization by Traci's Mom and Dad that they had

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been neglecting their daughter. They were not there at the airport when Flight One of American Airlines arrived on a Saturday afternoon. They were attending a get-acquainted session at an "Adults Only" Health Facility in their neighborhood, right on Riverside Drive. They knew that they could count on Steve White to get their little girl home safe and sound.

Steve White did not disappoint them. He brought Traci home safe and sound. On the way, he stopped at Bullock's and bought Traci's Mom a half ounce of Nina Ricci perfume. He thought that would be enough, and they wouldn't care where they got it, as long as they got it for free. (He was right. Traci's Mom even sent a note, thanking him, but certainly not even mentioning any payment.)

There was no sudden access of guilt for Steve White. He went back into a maelstrom of activity at his law firm. He was so busy trying to get ----- Oil locked in as a client that he did not even have time to see Traci for almost two weeks. His wife was in Santa Barbara for a week at a conference about racism and sexism. (It was at the Santa Barbara Biltmore, and the participants could also, if they chose, get a twice a day massage and lectures on nutrition to prevent aging.)

He talked to Traci everyday when she got home from school. She had brought back "I Love Central Park" T-shirts for the best pals, Camilla and Diane, and a framed laser photograph of New York for the Birmingham High School library. For a week, she was a celebrity. Then she met Jeff, that new guy from Studio City, at a party while she was riding the crest of her new status. He was actually respectful to her. She could just see that she was getting the same kind of attention, the same kind of looks, as the cheerleaders or the daughters of owners of major shopping centers. She was, for all intents and purposes, a new, far more self-confident Traci, and it showed. Jeff and Traci talked for a long time about New York (Jeff had grown up on Long Island, wherever that was). She even started to see Jeff on occasion. She told Steve about it and he said it was fine with him. "I can't pretend I own you," he said. "I want you to have friends your own age." Sometimes, when Steve White talked to Traci after school, she told him about her fights with Jeff. He always told her she was a wonderful girl and Jeff was lucky to know her.

"It was exactly his telling me that," Traci said, "that allowed me to put up with that nut and make him treat me like I had something worthwhile going on inside me, which was something I had never really felt before. I think it was my knowing that I had Steve behind me that helped me to stand up to Jeff, and that was what made him act right to me. For the first time, I was able to keep a boyfriend, just knowing I had Steve there."

She also presumably knew, for the first time, just how powerfully she could hold onto men and have power over them. So there were no tearful self-recriminations for Traci, only a steady diet of cheery phone calls from Steve, and an occasional trinket.

Little by little, the sexual part of the relationship faded away. He still gave her presents. He still listened to every word she had to say. He had a hold on her that mere sex could not possibly duplicate: He showed her that he cared about her, and no adult before ever had. She had a hold on him that mere sex could never beat: She made him feel as if he were big and important, not someone to be swept under the rug when a deal fell apart at the firm. He was always there for her when Jeff stood her up. She was always there for him when a client belittled him.

Unlike a TV movie also, the last act of the drama, as far as I know, had nothing to do with Steve driving over a cliff or Traci's life being wrecked and patched by a Judd Hirsch clone. The last act that I know of was only a few weeks ago, when Traci mistakenly failed to show up for the Junior SATs. The mistake could have possibly been catastrophic, since Cal Berkeley badly wanted to see Junior SAT scores. Traci had to have her parents speak to the principal of Birmingham High to ask for permission to take a special make-up test, specially scheduled for her.

The problem was that Traci's Mom and Dad had already planned a trip to Yosemite, and they really did not want to miss it just to talk to Traci's principal about some test. The person who did take off from work, who did reschedule a trip to New Orleans to talk to the principal, was Steve White. However convoluted the route that had brought him there, he was the one who pleaded Traci's case to an overworked Principal Jacobsen. After much to and fro, after discussion of how a young life could be wrecked by one inadvertent error, Mr. Jacobsen signed the papers for the make-up SATs.

As he did, he said, "You're a hell of an advocate, Mr. White. Are you Traci's Dad?"

"No," he said, "I'm not."

"Uncle?" asked Mr. Jacobsen.

"No," said Steve White as Traci smiled at him.

"Any relation at all?" asked the principal.

"Yes, indeed," said Steve White, "I'm Traci's godfather." □

Matthew Stevenson

SOUTH KOREAN CROSSROADS

Prosperity and uncertainty below the DMZ.

It was Korean Air Lines flight number 001, not its doomed sister ship, that took me to Seoul. I boarded at Narita airport, forty-two miles northeast of Tokyo, and the 721-mile hop across the Sea of Japan was routine, save for a cone's-eye view of Mt. Fujiyama shortly after the 747 lifted off the runway. But as I think back now to those two hours in the air, an image of the airliner's crew haunts me. They were all remarkably young. I think of them occasionally, wondering which crew of such boys and girls had the misfortune to draw duty on flight 007.

Had that plane been able to finish its appointed rounds, it would have landed at Kimpo International Airport, which sits in a valley north and west of Seoul. On all sides are the sharp, jagged peaks that distinguish the Korean landscape. The travel guides describe it as the "Land of Morning Calm," but at dusk, which was when I arrived, it looked like a medieval dungeon, with the shaded peaks appearing as gargoyles.

Nevertheless, the reality of Korea as a modern nation living at the edge of war also emerges at Kimpo. Somber gray transports of the American and South Korean air forces are lined up on the tarmac. Kimpo is less than three minutes' flying time from North Korea, where, officially speaking, the war has never ended; in any renewed conflict the airport would be one of the first targets hit.

The ride from the airport to the capital follows roughly the course of the First Marine Division which landed behind the lines at Inchon in September 1950 and quickly moved inland to recapture what remained of Seoul. Today sentries still stand at checkpoints along the route—their expressions as rigid as the M-16 rifles at their sides. The road is choked with traffic. Seoul's reputation for urban sprawl and carbon monoxide is on a par with that of Lagos or Mexico City, but if you approach downtown from the expressway running alongside the banks of the Han River the city seems less threatening. The hills around which the modern city has grown faintly resemble those of Seattle or San Francisco, and the Han, though the guide books forever liken it to the Potomac as it passes the Jefferson Memorial, actually looks more like the Susquehanna flowing through Harrisburg.

In less than thirty years, Seoul's

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population has grown to 8 million. North of the Han, inside the ring of hills that define the city's natural borders, is an expansive dish filled with a mix of glass-and-steel office buildings and houses with red clay roof tiles. The wide boulevards convey imperial grandeur only when they converge near the old National Assembly; elsewhere the eight lanes or so—a challenge to the bravest pedestrian—are merely a means of accommodating traffic so helter-skelter that ownership of a car also usually implies possessing the affluence and wisdom to hire a driver.

The original purpose of my trip to Korea was to write an article on the country's preparation for the 1988 summer Olympics and how South Korea remains a model for economic development in the Third World. But after I arrived I began to realize that one of the biggest hindrances to understanding Korea is that it is too easily reduced to the status of a metaphor. Instead of seeing the country for what it is—a prosperous nation that has serious political problems and faces a hostile enemy to the north—the United States, led by a succession of Presidents, has always wanted it to be something more, usually for reasons of domestic political consumption. Hence the disappointments with Korea over the years.

During the Cold War, for example, Korea, a divided nation that had suffered from years of Japanese occupation, was required to be the spot where—by necessity—the West had to draw the line against Communism. Later, during the 1960s, its assigned role was as a model of development and showcase of democracy—with all the expectations and disappointments which that implies. When Jimmy Carter was President, South Korea and its military government were an albatross of ugly Americanism; examples of what went wrong when the U.S. military got too close to a client state. Lately President Reagan has returned Korea to its earlier symbolism, that of an Asian Berlin; his visit last year to Seoul and the demilitarized zone was, in effect, a photographic rendition of "Ich bin ein Korean." Some aspects of all these metaphors are true; but they overstate the case if they become the encompassing view of the country.

If anything, Korea is a prisoner of its own tragic history—something that's often overlooked in the West. For most of the last century, the peninsula, which forms a strategic crossroad in East Asia, has been divided and conquered by one of its neighbors. China, Japan, and the Soviet Union have taken turns marching their armies across the mountainous terrain that is nearly a landbridge between the Chinese mainland and the Japanese islands. Control the peninsula, and you have something that amounts to an Oriental Gibraltar. Hence Korea's history is one of occupations. When, for example, during the closing days of World War II the Russian army seized territory down to the 38th parallel, it was recapturing ground lost to the Japanese in the 1904-05 war. In effect, the tensions today are an extension of those forces that have competed for Korea since the Russian and Japanese fleets joined at the Strait of Tsushima, which is just off the Korean southeastern coast.

Because violence has been such a frequent visitor to the Korean landscape, the American impression of the South today is that of a nation at war with itself. Headlines in the newspapers or film clips on the evening news—if they show the country at all—usually depict students on a rampage or poets on their way to prison. However true the specific incidents may be, what is not shown is the historical context of a country that has existed for barely a generation and that faces—less than three minutes by air to the north—an enemy waiting for its chance to finish off the war that started in 1950. Under such pressure, South Korea has done well to create an economy that has flourished; and despite a nasty reputation, few people are as open to visitors as the Koreans. True, its government is repressive, but the reference point should not be Jeffersonian democracy, but the sad reality of American politics during our own Civil War.

When he left office, George Washington advised his young nation to avoid foreign entanglements. In its first one hundred years the U.S. more or less succeeded. But in its brief existence, South Korea has never known the luxury of isolation. Foreign entanglements are all the Koreans have known. Both China and Russia still covet the peninsula for their spheres of influence. And while Japan may now be an ally and protector of the South, few Koreans can forget the brutality of the Japanese occupation. Instead of growing up in a political incubator that might have allowed the ancient civilization of Korea to develop its political institutions slowly, the South came to life as a stepchild of geopolitics. To repeat Abraham Lincoln's metaphor, its house is still divided. Hence any understanding of the country must begin with a journey to the frontier.

Difficult as it may be to believe, the Cold War is something of a tourist attraction, at least for foreigners, and each morning a bus takes a handful of travelers from one of the downtown Seoul hotels to the demilitarized zone that separates north from south.

The ride north forms a collage of recent Korean history. The bus passes the deceptively tranquil facade of the Blue House, South Korea's presidential home, where in 1979 a cabinet minister assassinated President Park. What followed were months of unrest, street demonstrations, and a military restoration led by President Chun Doo Hwan.

Behind the Blue House is a large forest, protected by chain link fences and barbed wire, where South Korean forces can be seen at various intervals entering for routine patrol. It all seems a bit extreme until the bus passes a statue to mark the spot where thirty-one North Korean commandos were captured a decade ago before they had managed to complete a suicide mission to kill the president. Perhaps a similar marker will be erected in Rangoon to commemorate the spot where a North Korean bomb assassinated nearly half the cabinet of the South.

Further north, as the city gives way to a landscape of rice paddies, the bus passes an innocent-looking checkpoint. But overhead is a concrete slab loaded with explosives, which can be dropped at a moment's notice to deter tanks from reaching the city.

South Korean civilians are permitted to go no farther north than the southern bank of the Hant'an River—the country's Rubicon as it were. Fences line both riverbanks, and the buoys that appear to be marking the channel are actually mines strung out to deter enemy frogmen.

Across the river, the terraced rice paddies give way to scrub pines of the sort found in the American South—and to military installations as well. The traffic on the two-lane road is all one color, the drab olive green of jeeps and canvas troop carriers, with the occasional platoon of American soldiers, their faces red in the summer sun, jogging past in the other direction.

There are 40,000 trip-wire American troops stationed in Korea, and for those assigned to forward positions, duty on the frontier often means being posted to Camp Kitty Hawk, one of the many bases on the southern edge of the DMZ. As the name implies, the camp is a parody of a peaceful American town, carved into the dusty Korean hills. Near where the bus parks for lunch are some tennis courts; behind the officers' club a few GIs can be seen splashing in a swimming pool.

Despite this illusion of calm at Camp Kitty Hawk, where it is even possible to get a cheeseburger for lunch, the crossing into the demilitarized zone conveys as much about South Korea as the roadblocks do about Beirut or Northern Ireland. The DMZ is 151 miles across and a couple of miles wide, and a combination of the U.S. Second Infantry Division and South Korean forces guards a swath cut along the southern line. The strip, which looks as if it were shaved by a razor, is protected by a barbed-wire chain link fence and illuminated by spotlights every ten yards. Behind it an antitank wall, made from bleached concrete, looks like something dug up from a Roman fortification.

The "peace village" of Panmunjom is two kilometers from Camp Kitty Hawk, across desolate terrain. For all its newspaper fame, Panmunjom is no more than a collection of Quonset huts and several facades. Not surprisingly, about half of the village is the press center.

The border is a series of meter-high white stakes, like part of an unfinished fence. The line runs through the middle of an eggshell-blue Quonset hut, which is where all the negotiations take place. Except for a few United Nations observation towers, the rest of the village consists of two large facades—elements of the burlesque that occasionally intrudes on deadly matters.

Each side has erected buildings on its half of the border to lure converts from the other country. These buildings are wonderfully representative. Panmunok, the North Korean showcase, is an accurate advertisement for Communism. Though only three feet deep, it is three stories high and apparently modeled along the late Stalinist lines of a Bulgarian ministry. On the other side of the border, however, is Freedom House, the South Korean exhibit. It is part pagoda and part Disney World, and surrounded by the only garden and clipped grass to be seen for miles. It would appear to appeal to anyone smitten with thruway rest stops.

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Still, the architectural histrionics of the DMZ are in keeping with its more sinister aspects. Rarely does one side ever give an inch: hence the absence of a formal peace treaty after thirty years of truce. Back in Seoul, I was told that when North and South Korean patrols stumble on each other in the DMZ, a firefight often ensues. The last official incident, however, took place in 1976, when North Korean soldiers wielding axes attacked a tree-trimming party led by two American officers. Captain Arthur Bonifas and First Lieutenant Mark Barrett were killed in the mêlée, which lasted four minutes. Some now think it was the inspiration of Kim Il Jong, son of Kim Il Sung, the North's president, as a way to prove his hatred of Americans. Nevertheless, several days later the United States launched Operation Paul Bunyan and reduced the tree in question to a gnarled stump. In Korea symbolism is the continuation of war by other means.

The tour ends at Observation Post 5, a small bunker with a commanding view for miles into North Korea. In the distance a flag hangs over what the troops refer to as Propaganda Village, which, like Panmunok, was built to show off the prosperity of the North. One of the world's largest flags flies over Propaganda Village, and it might indeed be a pleasant place—if anyone lived there. But this workers' paradise is a ghost town, save for the keeper of the flag.

Before returning to Seoul, the bus makes a little swing past the small, one-lane Bridge of No Return. In 1953, on this stone bridge, the only man-made link between North and South Korea, prisoners-of-war were allowed to choose where they wanted to live—with no going back once the decision was made. Grass is now growing up between the cracks in the pavement of this forlorn monument.

I found Peter Hyun in, of all places, an office on the second floor of the Hotel Shilla, which is in the deluxe category. Not a very likely place to find a serious writer, perhaps, but there he was, sitting behind a desk that should have been filled by someone booking banquets or conventions.

He was dressed like an investment banker in a summer suit from Brooks Brothers, a Pierre Cardin shirt, and Gucci loafers. He said that he spent half his time in Seoul and the rest in New York City, where he had a rent-controlled apartment. In addition to his books and magazine articles published in the United States, he writes a column for one of the English-language dailies in Seoul. He said that he had once worked as an editor of children's books for Doubleday, the publishing company.

I wanted to meet him to learn more about North Korea and to get a realistic appraisal of the chances for reunification. Hyun was born in what is now the North and lived there until the autumn of 1945, when his family fled the Russian army that was then moving down the peninsula. The Hyuns settled in Seoul. Several years later, Peter Hyun left Korea to study in the United States, where he eventually became a citizen and entered his careers in publishing and journalism.

During the 1970s, while living in New York, he decided to make a trip to North Korea. The State Department refused to guarantee his safety; the North Koreans delayed the journey with the usual red tape. But eventually he got a visa and flew to Pyongyang, the North Korean capital, via Moscow. He was naturally nervous that because he had been born in the North the government of Kim Il Sung might not let him leave once the trip was over.

Peter Hyun returned to New York after a month in North Korea—one of the few Western travelers to make such a trip—and the result was *Darkness at Dawn,* which is less a travel account than a meditation, of the Koestler variety, on the bureaucracy that runs the North. From the moment Hyun lands in North Korea the itinerary is by George Orwell and the dialogue by Eugene Ionesco. Instead of staying in the capital and mingling with the people, whose language he speaks, he is sequestered miles away at a villa for special guests. When he asks to meet other writers, he is handed collected speeches of Kim Il Sung. He asks repeatedly if he can eat with typical North Koreans, and when his hosts relent, he is taken to an empty restaurant. When he rides the new subway in Pyongyang, it is in the empty car reserved on every train on the off chance that Kim Il Sung will decide to pop down into the system. No matter where he turns, Peter Hyun is struck by the absurd presence of Kim Il Sung in all aspects of North Korean life; an entire country has given itself over to government by iconography.

From Hyun's descriptions, it is clear why peace talks and those on reunification between the North and South have always failed. There was a hope that as a result of the Reagan summit in Beijing the talks on reunification might be restarted. But little progress on that matter is in evidence. Likewise, on his visit to Seoul Pope John Paul II urged a reconciliation in the divided country, but again the words were not followed with action.

The tragedy is that reunification remains the one dream that both Koreas share. Many families that have lived apart for thirty years long to be back together. Peter Hyun, as an example, traveled to North Korea in part to see if he could find his father's grave, which he did and which is described in the book's most moving chapter. Reunification is an emotional issue, rather than a political one, but it is the obvious political gulf that prevents anything from happening. Neither side has a clue as to how unification might work. During my trip I heard a number of solutions, although none seemed feasible. Some talked of a federal system; indeed, the National Assembly in Seoul even has an empty chamber awaiting North Korean legislators. But that would require a constitutional convention on a par with Philadelphia's in 1787, which is difficult to imagine since both sides barely speak. Others dream of ending the division by force, but that would take everyone back to the stalemate that began with the armistice in 1953. Sadly, the best hope for the future isn't reunification, but evolutionary change in the South—the North is probably beyond the pale of reform—that would allow the country to develop a political tradition to match the opportunity for advancement now afforded under its economic system.

Kim Dae Jung is one of the few political men I have heard speak recently who has had kind words for both President Carter and President Reagan.

In the minds of many South Koreans, economic progress and democracy are incompatible. Democracy implies a kind of disorder that would not only reduce the gross national product, but would also weaken the country to a point where the North might once again be tempted to rush south. Further, the question of succession in Korean politics remains a constant fear. After President Park was assassinated, student demonstrators had their run through the streets and the continuing order was threatened with collapse. Democracy to many in the South seems almost to imply numerous assassinations—with constant changes in the leadership and the economy always threatened. Easier to let the military run the show instead, with American aid.

A further obstacle to a functioning party system in Korea is the absence of any democratic tradition at all. For all its history Korea has been governed by one kind of strongman or another. The last king was poisoned in the imperial palace in the 1920s. Though in recent times outsiders have challenged for the presidency, the military remains one of the few groups that has any experience in government, producing a vicious circle familiar to anyone who has looked for his first job. Even observers like Peter Hyun are reluctant to support opposition leaders without experience. The opposition is often charged with failing to come up with specific alternative programs, and its answer, as Hyun summarized it, is: "How do you expect us to come up with specific proposals when it is the government that has all the money to hire any expertise it chooses?" No work without experience; but how do you get some unless you have a job?

A partial answer may be prison. Jails have had a combustible effect on politics in the twentieth century—Gandhi comes immediately to mind—and at some point in the future they may have an impact on Korea. The idea did not occur to me until I was home from Korea and went to Columbia University to hear Kim Dae Jung give a speech. He first ran for the presidency in 1970 against Park Chun Hee and received 40 percent of the popular vote. Later he was kidnapped off the street in Tokyo, smuggled back to Seoul, and kept in jail or under house arrest from 1974 until 1981. In 1980, he was one of the so-called "three Kims" who would have run for president had they been permitted.

Kim Dae Jung is one of the few political men I have heard speak recently who has had kind words for both President Carter and President Reagan. He credits both for helping to save his life and is grateful to be living in the United States, teaching and writing at Harvard University. Although perhaps less dynamic, Kim Dae Jung invites comparison with Benigno Aquino, with whom he was friends until the exiled Philippine leader decided to return home and was assassinated.

Kim Dae Jung was a senator before he ran for the presidency and subsequently went to jail, but even so, for him prison was a political education. It gave him time to think and read. At Columbia, he recounted how he passed the time reading the histories of Toynbee, Reinhold Niebuhr's *Moral Man,* some books by John Kenneth Galbraith, and other writers one might associate with a freshman seminar in political theory. He also wrote. Guards

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gave him pens, but only a limited amount of paper. So he developed a microscopic style that enabled him to put 18,000 Korean characters on a page—a record, he now muses. Through the experience, during which his only joy at times was a small prison garden, Kim Dae Jung seems to have grown into a mature political leader, capable of thought and action.

Ironically, when I first heard him speak, I began to wonder how the hopes of many in the opposition were pinned on such a speaker. To be fair, he struggles with English, but, still, he read his speech in a monotone voice with little inspiration. Shuffling papers absentmindedly, he had gotten two-thirds of the way through his talk when he abruptly read the conclusion. When he realized his mistake, he went back to the errant fork in the text and started in again. Not exactly the stuff of oratorical legends.

Nevertheless, during the two days he was at Columbia, I heard Kim Dae Jung whenever I could and asked him questions during some of the breaks. Like Koreans I had met in Seoul, he seemed to come alive in personal conversation and spoke with an intensity about his prison experience and his political ideas that was missing from the speeches.

He begins his argument by saying that it is the United States that "breathes life into the Chun Doo Hwan dictatorship." But he makes the distinction between American policy and action: "I am not asking the United States to restore democracy in our stead; we only ask that the United States not support military dictatorship but lend moral support to our democratic cause."

One by one he answers the justifications for the military government:

•That it provides security. He argues that even during the bleakest days of the struggle with the North, the South enjoyed all the freedoms he associates with American democracy: freedom of the press, direct election of the president, local autonomy, and an independent judiciary. "Today, in peace time," he says, "our people have lost all of the freedoms."

•That a military government means greater economic growth. "How is it," he asks again, "that we had all those freedoms during the Korean conflict when the per capita income was a meager sum of $60 but none today when Koreans earn an average of $2,000 a year?"

•That, by comparison, the government of the South is at least better than that of the North. But for Kim Dae Jung, simply to have leadership marginally better than one of the more backward regimes on Earth is not good enough. Nor should it justify American support. He believes that when a government has pretensions toward democracy and fails to deliver the appropriate representation, it builds resentment among the people. He sees this potential disenchantment as being as dangerous to the South as the North Korean military. And he argues that "dictatorial governments which justify their existence by their stand against Communism have traditionally been corrupt. Wealth under such milder dictatorships tends to be concentrated in the hands of a few. Under such conditions, we cannot expect to see a real free-market system, but only a government-controlled economy. Thus milder dictatorships are vulnerable prey to the harsher Communist dictatorship."

Kim Dae Jung is not a powerful man. He stands on flat feet and walks slowly, with a slight limp and a cane for support. In the United States he often delivers his message in churches, because in South Korea churches remain one of the few outlets for the opposition. But he remains a political man, and he is fighting with words and ideas an entrenched system that on occasion has silenced the opposition with arrest and prison. In the U.S., Kim Dae Jung finds the contradiction of a rich democratic tradition—along the lines of the literature he read in prison—but also a policy that is content to support in Korea men not worthy heirs to that same heritage.

He closed one speech with these words: "The restoration of democracy is desirable because it holds a key to many other problems facing South Korea today. For example, only a genuine democracy can promote stability and security by the realization of social and economic justice. Only a democratic Korea can, with confidence and popular support and legitimacy, approach and negotiate with North Korea toward peaceful coexistence, peaceful exchange, and, finally, peaceful unification. In a fundamental sense a democratic Korea is desirable for the United States as well, because it is the surest way to reduce tension in the Korean peninsula and consequently the military burden of the United States in the Far East."

Listening to him for the last time, I no longer concentrated on his delivery, but wondered when and if he might return home and what would be his fate. □

Sidney Hook

THREE INTELLECTUAL TROUBADOURS

In praise of Daniel Bell, Irving Kristol, and Melvin Lasky.

Although formally they were never students of mine, and probably never think of themselves as such except in a Pickwickian sense, I know that some of the friends and unfriendly critics of Daniel Bell, Irving Kristol, and Melvin Lasky sometimes refer to them as my students. Even though each one has sharp differences with me I would have been proud to be their teacher. For their intellectual development and diverse careers exhibit an independence and originality that reflect not only their personalities but powers of growth which were stimulated during the stormy years of their adolescence in the thirties. This was a period in which the powers of growth of some of their equally promising fellow-students were arrested by fixation on current dogmas of social salvation.

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Actually my relation to them was more avuncular than pedagogic. I got to know them fairly well when I became a contributor to the *New Leader* and later to *Commentary*, where their dramatic and sometimes prankish exploits somewhat lightened the somber mood of successive defeats in the editorial sanctum. I have some responsibility for the fact that two of them are now stars of the first magnitude in the academy. I rode herd on Dan Bell until he abandoned the richly rewarded field of labor journalism in which he has had no peers in scholarly breadth and historical insight for the uncertain life, at the time, of the academy. He resigned a post as labor-editor of *Fortune* for a modest position in the department of sociology at Columbia University at less than half of his current salary.

Irving Kristol's transmutation into academic life was more precipitate. I was on the committee appointed by the then president of New York University, James Hester, to find someone to fill the chair of the recently established Endowed Luce Professorship. Some of my colleagues had not heard of Irving Kristol, and others weren't very much enamored with what little they had heard. But after presenting a series of names of distinguished academic figures who, I was confident, my fellow committeemen disliked for relevant and irrelevant reasons, my nomination of Irving Kristol was accepted as the lesser known risk. Since that time, in consequence of his contributions which have made him an esteemed national figure even among those whose skins itch when they read his cool judgments, he has been reappointed and become an adornment to the university.

This recommendation of mine

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An occupational hazard

What promises to be a landmark case in the field of libel law began unfolding in the Federal District Court in New York recently. General William C. Westmoreland, who commanded U.S. forces in Vietnam from 1964 to 1968, is suing CBS for $120 million (which he will donate to charity if he wins), charging he was libeled by the CBS documentary, "The Uncounted Enemy: A Vietnam Deception," shown on January 23, 1982. Other defendants, in addition to CBS, are Mike Wallace, the interviewer on the show; George Crile, the producer; and Samuel A. Adams, a former Central Intelligence Agency analyst who served as a consultant.

We don't know whether CBS and the individuals involved did indeed libel General Westmoreland, nor do we intend to comment on the details of the case. Rather, our concern is with a seemingly ancillary issue we feel actually transcends in importance the case itself—the right of an individual like General Westmoreland to have his day in court, and to be able to present his case fairly without undue legal obstacles to his success.

General Westmoreland had a distinguished 36-year military career. He was an infantry officer in World War II; in Korea he led paratroops, and at 42 was the youngest major general in the Army. He was superintendent of West Point at 46, and wound up his career, after his Vietnam command, as Army Chief of Staff. His service to this country won him the Distinguished Service Medal, Bronze Star, Legion of Merit, and Air Medal. It also won him, during his career, the status of a "public official." What it did not win him was great wealth. Army officers seldom get rich.

So General Westmoreland, feeling that the reputation he had established during 36 years of public service had been left in tatters by the telecast, turned to the courts for redress. In doing so, he faced two major hurdles:

- The U.S. Supreme Court has ruled that public officials and public figures (generals, mayors, congressmen, prominent businessmen and actors have been held to fit these categories) must prove, in libel cases, that the statements made about them were false. They must also prove that the parties defaming them did so knowing the statements were false or made "with reckless disregard" of whether they were false or not. This is a much greater burden of proof than the ordinary citizen has, who is only required to prove negligent falsity.
- The General's second obstacle was the nature of his opponent—a major corporation with deep pockets (presumably including libel insurance) well able to afford teams of lawyers and other counsel. Legal expenses in the case have so far totaled almost $4 million.

Representing General Westmoreland is the Capital Legal Foundation, a public-interest law firm supported largely by grants from foundations and individuals. We don't know if their resources are adequate to provide General Westmoreland with the kind of representation to which he—and any other citizen—is entitled. We understand that private citizens, Vietnam veterans' organizations (with which General Westmoreland is not associated), and foundations have contributed to the Capital Legal Foundation's efforts on his behalf. If you wish to join this effort, send a check to the foundation at 700 E Street, S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003.

But what about other public officials, some of whom serve in relatively humble posts? Their positions may make them ready targets for libel, but the heavy burden of proof they face makes them second-class citizens.

How to make justice more readily attainable? In the best of all possible worlds, the U.S. Supreme Court would redefine the standards it applies to public officials and public figures. Other industrialized nations, such as the United Kingdom, don't apply such heavy burdens of proof in libel cases. But in the practical world, why not simply recognize that public officials face an occupational hazard—libel? And why not deal with it just as we deal with so many other hazards of the workplace?

Employers now provide medical insurance, dental insurance, workmen's compensation insurance, and disability insurance. We believe all public officials—generals, admirals, firemen, police officers, rubbish collectors—should be covered by insurance to allow them to sue for libel. Perhaps the employers should pay the premium (we at Mobil have taken out such insurance on behalf of key employees). Or perhaps the system should be government-financed, since the government, through its judicial arm, has stripped public officials of some of their civil rights.

No one should have the rights of citizenship diminished because he plays an active role in the system. That should be the lasting lesson of the Westmoreland case.

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turned out happier than a previous one. When the Schweitzer Chair was established at New York University, President Hester asked me if I could induce Arthur Koestler to accept the invitation to fill it. Presumably, this was the initial choice of the Committee of Selection. I heartily concurred and wrote Koestler who wired a flat refusal. Meanwhile, I learned of the extraordinarily generous provisions of the Schweitzer Professorship. It enabled its holder to do little teaching (an activity which Koestler disliked), to hire others to do it, and to undertake original research projects and programs. I wrote again to Koestler and pointed out that it was a golden opportunity for him to bridge the gap between the humanities and intuitive scientific research, his current passion at the time. Koestler replied this time affirmatively, but I had too conscientiously already informed Hester of Koestler's earlier tentative refusal. When I telephoned Hester with the "good news," he sadly reported: "Too bad! The committee met yesterday and they recommended a man I have never heard of. Most of the others didn't know anything about him either but Professor Greene vouches for him." Professor Greene was the current chairman of the English department whose specialty was Irish Literature. He had recommended the then relatively unknown (in scholarly circles) Conor Cruise O'Brien, whose tenure in the post was marked by a sustained and impassioned crusade against American foreign policy. Among other worthies whom he invited to teach in the Schweitzer program was David Caute whose book *The Great Fear: The Anti-Communist Purge under Truman and Eisenhower* is a virulent anti-anti-Communist tract, an extended fable about the scope and consequences of the American "fear and terror."

The greatest vocational paradox that characterizes our three intellectual troubadours is that the individual who seems almost by nature cast in the role of a university professor is currently not one. I mean Melvin Lasky. What a magnificent professor he would be! In appearance, in scholarship, in voice and presence, Melvin Lasky is the very model of the model University Professor—and of the ideal German professor of pre-World War I vintage at that! Professionally trained as a historian, he seems at home in all the humanities and social studies. He speaks in well-formed sentences, and can fascinate a drawing room as well as a crowded meeting hall with the unconscious art of a performer who gets his point across as effectively with a dramatic whisper as with an eloquent peroration. In conversation his intellectual antennae are all aquiver to catch the waves of some new idea or notion struggling to find expression. He is an avid reader in several languages not only of scholarly works but of the daily press and the obscure factional literature of dissident Communist groups.

There is one quality Melvin Lasky has which has been matched by few German professors I have known. That is an extraordinary intellectual and moral courage. I refer not merely to the kind of courage expressed in an article or esoteric writing that will bring down on him the wrath of other writers or scholars or the hired literary guns of the Kremlin and its satellites, but to the courage displayed in a public confrontation with a hostile crowd. I have seen him in action on several occasions when most academics I know would have fled, fearful of their physical safety. This is particularly true when Lasky finds himself among European neutralists or those judicious souls, mindful of the future and forgetful of the past, who regard the Soviet Bear and the American Eagle as equally hostile to the great European humanist legacy. His detractors to the contrary notwithstanding, Melvin Lasky has never been an apologist for American domestic or foreign policy. He has exercised his privilege as a citizen of a free culture to criticize his own country's shortcomings, particularly in defense of freedom. Unfortunately there is a type of American, I have found its exemplars, sad to say, often among Fulbright scholars, who in order to ingratiate themselves with their foreign hosts play the roles of Tom Wicker and Anthony Lewis, the *New York Times*'s famous ritualistic liberals, without surcease. Whatever the shortcomings of Wicker and Lewis, who apparently believe the United States can never be right about anything, they occasionally are critical of other countries, too. But not the anti-American Americans abroad. An audience accustomed to them is sure to be taken aback when Lasky tries to tell it as it is or rather as it seems to be to him. It goes without saying that he is not popular with the anti-American Oxbridge contingent.

Although in many ways similar—a common working-class Jewish background, a common education at CCNY when it was still an intellectually exciting institution, a common interest and participation in the young socialist and Communist movement—all three of our subjects differ profoundly in personality. The quietest of the three and apparently the most reserved is Irving Kristol. He has always been noted for his intellectual independence. One could take nothing for granted about him and his thought. I first learned of his existence when he published his first essay which was entitled "The Nerve of Sidney Hook." He was a young Trotskyist replying to Part II of my essay "The New Failure of Nerve" in *Partisan Review* (1943) in which I criticized the revolutionary irresponsibility and romanticism of both factions of the Trotskyist movement. Both regarded Franklin Delano Roosevelt as a greater enemy of the American working class than Hitler. Irving recovered quickly from this aberration. He never succumbed to the even worse forms of political insanity of his erstwhile comrades like Irving Howe who, among other expressions of opposition to the war against Hitler, believed that the invasion by American and allied troops of Europe was not primarily to overthrow Hitler but to prevent the revolutionary proletariat underground from seizing political power. At the time Irving Kristol heartily approved Part I of my "New Failure of Nerve" which was a vigorous criticism of the theological mystifications of Reinhold Niebuhr and Paul Tillich. Today I suspect he would be more critical of my unreconstructed naturalism than of their religious outlook.

"I keep telling Irving where he's wrong. He listens intently and then goes ahead and does exactly what he pleases."

The next time I heard of Irving Kristol was from Elliot Cohen, an old ally of the political wars of the thirties, who had become editor of *Commentary,* and for whom Irving was working in an editorial capacity. Like all great editors Cohen was very firm in his judgments. Some might even call him tyrannical. He admired Irving's talents but complained to me bitterly: "I keep telling him where he's wrong. He listens intently and then goes ahead and does exactly what he pleases. He's a stubborn fellow." Kristol helped bring *Encounter* to birth in London and edited it with a flair that made it the most distinguished political journal in the Anglo-American world. For reasons I never fathomed he didn't please some of the leading members of the Executive Committee of the Congress for Cultural Freedom which sponsored the magazine, and it was proposed by some who thought he was too much a cold warrior that he be replaced by, of all people, Dwight Macdonald. Dwight was certainly willing despite the fact that the air was thick with rumors about the financial support of the CIA, rumors which Dwight himself was zealously and delightedly circulating. I dug my heels in against any such action, and threatened to resign from the Executive Committee and help some of the politically sophisticated members of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom to blow the Congress out of the water. I won the battle but Irving had resigned in high dudgeon at the first intimations of dissatisfaction with his independence, and I had the devil of a time prevailing on him to stay even though his critics ate crow and made up to him. He continued as editor until Max Ascoli, of the *Reporter,* made him an offer that no responsible married man with two small children could refuse. The editorial honeymoon with Ascoli, as I predicted, didn't last long but it gave Irving an opportunity to rethink problems free from ideological blinkers of the past. Ascoli was a great admirer of Irving's immense abilities, but he too couldn't swallow his independence.

Irving Kristol has become a historical phenomenon, a one man social phenomenon dubbed by his political adversaries neoconservatism but which could just as well be called neoliberalism. I have mistakenly been called the godfather of neoconservatism. When I set out to discover to what I had allegedly given my godfatherly blessings, I found more variation and nuanced thought among those called neoconservatives than among the ritualistic liberals and democratic socialists who are their most embittered critics.

It may be that I misread him, but although Kristol is a critic of the waywardness of the welfare state, I find no basic opposition to it if it is integrated with a free enterprise system. He has not surrendered the moral ideals that brought him into the radical movement but he has become impatient with the utopianism, the loose rhetoric about new institutions, the vaunted remaking of man, the cant and catchwords of his early faith. He has become more empirical, more realistic, more aware of the thinness of the cultural integument that overlays primitive human passions. He is unillusioned rather than disillusioned and his quarterly, the *Public Interest,* is really a school for serious adults who prefer to think about concrete specific problems of importance rather than to read about large, edifying solutions. Kristol has not forgotten what he learned in his

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salad days as a Marxist about class struggles but he believes that even in a class society like our own there is such a thing as the public interest. That belief is something his detractors, even those that are not vicious and palpably unfair, cannot account for in their caricature of his views. His one great failing from my point of view is that he never replies to his critics and he regards my tendency to get embroiled in controversy as a weakness and waste of time.

Irving Kristol probably thinks of me as more of a neoconservative than I am prepared to admit, and he doesn't share my feeling that our welfare and our freedom are safer in the hands of an intelligently organized labor movement than in the hands of businessmen who put profit not freedom first or of bankers whose criterion of whether a country is good or bad is whether it pays its debts on time. But I must confess, and I am confident that this holds true even for the jaundiced editors of the Left and New Left press, his discussion of specific questions always seems to radiate an inspired common sense. Even when one cannot wholly agree with him as in his current critique of NATO strategy, he always moves one to thought.

It was Irving Kristol who once said of Daniel Bell that he was born a right-wing Social Democrat. But there are Social Democrats and Social Democrats—even if they are all right-wing. Danny is not a Scheidemann or Noske Social-Democrat but an Eduard Bernstein Social-Democrat. Truth to tell, we are all offspring of Eduard Bernstein whose intellectual and moral stature has grown with the years. It was Bernstein who first realized that capitalism had the regenerative power, partly because of the potential impact of democratic political action on social and economic life, that Marx never suspected. And even more important, he realized that a socialism that was not inspired by moral ideals that pervaded the struggles of the movement would end up as a Bolshevist nightmare. Danny was one of the few young Socialists who never felt drawn to the swan songs of the Left. I have noticed that among the young, it was already true during my own youth, there is a kind of hypnotic appeal in being "Left"—as if that were the only authentic sign of sincerity or integrity. Although many of his friends did go Left, Dan never followed them, especially when he observed for all their fine words, the libelous and unscrupulous tactics in their attacks on the "old guard." These were the veterans of the socialist movement who had risked and sacrificed more in a hostile environment than their rude and crude critics who denounced them with an embittered enmity more intense than what they directed against capitalists and Communists.

For many years before he became a sober academic heavyweight, Danny used to be the life of every party he attended. He had an inexhaustible stock of stories, anecdotes, and quaint lore about people and events, all apposite to matters under discussion and related with unmalicious humor that endeared him to everyone. He was an omnivorous reader with phenomenal powers of recall. At one time he seemed to be gifted with a photographic memory. Observing him turn the pages of a book after a cursory glance at them, my wife, who was incredulous that anyone could read that fast, tested him, and he came through with an almost perfect score. Although his main interest today lies in sociology, he could have been a historian or an anthropologist or economic institutionalist as easily as he was a premier labor journalist. He has recently ventured into the field of philosophy. Some have complained that his pages are studded with references to too many names. But this reflects his wide, perhaps excessive, reading. It gives the unfortunate impression that he thinks

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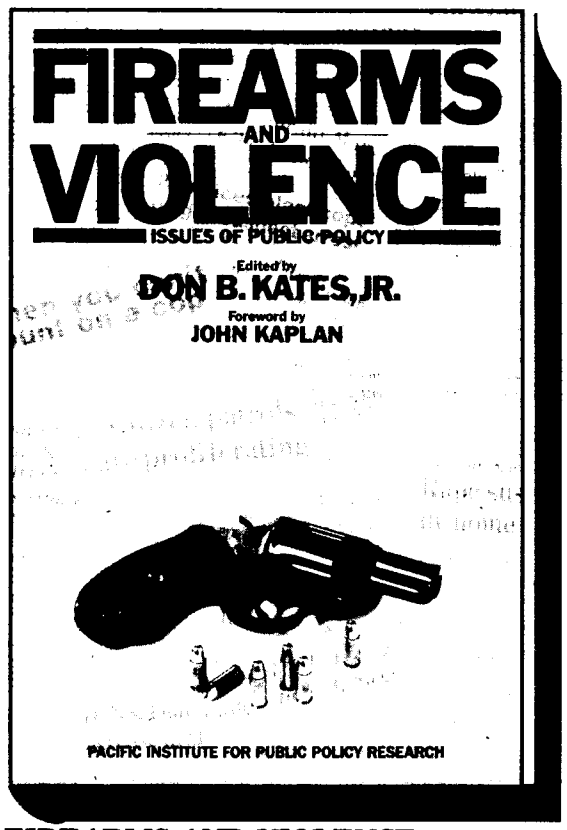

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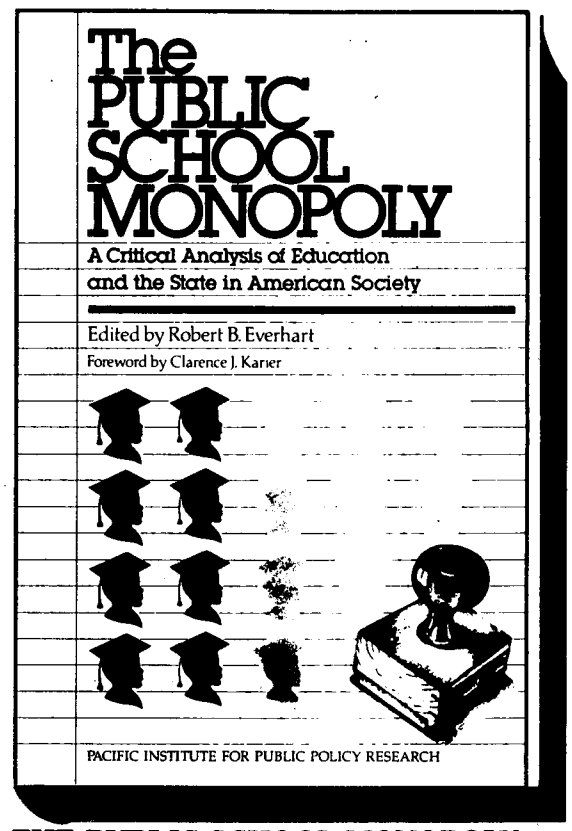

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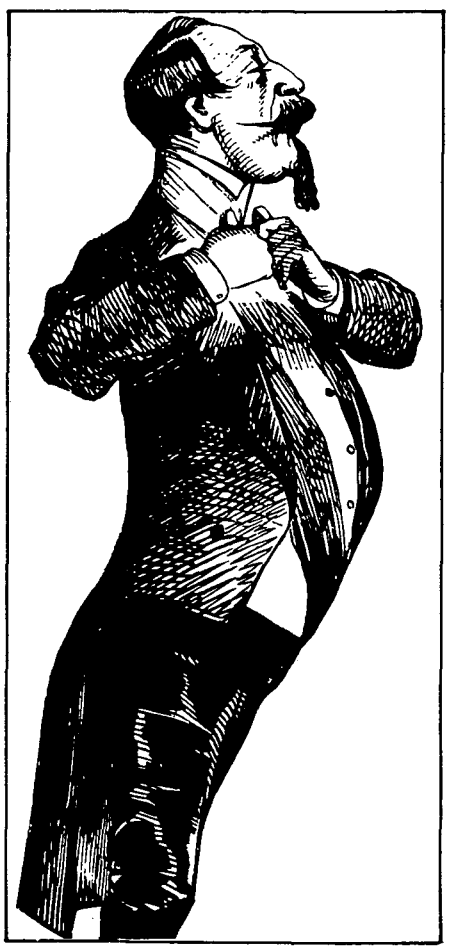
by association. His books show, however, an impressive capacity for organization, and focus on problems of modern culture that embrace a variety of disciplines in the arts and social sciences. His writing is fresh and unhackneyed even when overburdened with erudition. He tends to be too deferential to leading figures in areas in which he is not at home. Although he strives to be original and constructive, he can be devastatingly critical when moved or urged to do so. He prefers to be sympathetic and interpretative in his critical evaluations. That is his temperament. But he has also written the most annihilating criticism that was ever penned of C. Wright Mills's much touted *The Power Elite,* one of the books that fed the illusions of the New Left.

A striking feature of Danny Bell's writing is the absence of personal animus in his contribution to subjects that are a minefield of factional controversy. He was orphaned and bereft at a tender age, and the experience seems to have intensified a naturally compassionate nature. I recall with some shame that when a mean and arrogant person in our political circle came a cropper and brought on himself a well-deserved public disgrace, and we shrunk away from him lest we be tarred, Danny was the only one to write him a consoling note of sympathy and support. His deprived past also explains his inordinate fondness for fine things. He seems to know and care about the best in everything much more pronouncedly than his fellow graduates of the New York slums.



Ironically and unfairly Danny Bell has been the chief target of the ritualistic liberals and "democratic socialists" who regard him as, next to Irving Kristol, the leading neoconservative. Indeed, they take a positive joy in exaggerating his defection from the "Yipsil socialism" of his youth and ignore his protestations that he is not a neoconservative. The worst offender in this respect is Michael Harrington who despite his professed Christian socialism shows far less Christian charity—and elementary fairness—to those with whom he disagrees than does Bell. (After reading Harrington's debate on Communism and foreign policy with Carl Gershman, I concluded that our basic human freedoms are much safer with Ronald Reagan than with the Michael Harringtons and their new political allies. They are not Communists, of course, but they will ally themselves or fellow travel with individuals and groups who, ostensibly to further socialism or abolish war and poverty, will in a crisis "temporarily" abolish or restrict our freedoms.)

It is true that Bell published a book of essays on *The End of Ideology,* but his views on this theme like those of Raymond Aron and Martin Lipset have been misinterpreted. They did not contend that the end of ideology meant the end of idealism or that there were no longer individuals who subscribed to the Communist ideology, but rather that the developments of modern history and economy had revealed the intellectual bankruptcy of the systematic and holistic system of Marxism-Leninism in all its forms which actually represented a perversion of Marxism.

Danny Bell has the defects of his virtues. The chief one is that he has no fighting heart. His most serious lapse in this respect was his role during the Columbia University student strike in the late sixties when under the leadership of Mark Rudd and the SDS the students took over the administrative offices, seized buildings, and engaged in acts of violence. Danny was part of a dissident faculty group that encouraged student intransigence by seeking to mediate between the rampaging students and their victims—the administration and the rest of the faculty. Danny Bell proclaimed that "under no circumstances should the police be called to keep the peace on the campus." This is the acme of foolishness, an invitation to student storm troopers of any ideology to run riot. When students engage in mayhem, vandalize libraries, are prepared to throw fire-bombs, disrupt the freedom to teach and to learn of faculty and students, even a pacific-minded right-wing Social Democrat should call the police. Eduard Bernstein certainly would! He abominated the Communists because of their violent disruptions of the democratic process.

In order to dissociate himself from Irving Kristol and in the vain hope of escaping being tagged a neoconservative, Danny has resigned as co-editor of *Public Interest* and become, in effect, a co-editor with William Phillips of *Partisan Review.* This is a pity for he has less in common with his new co-editor and periodical than with those he left despite his differences with them which seem to me to be more of nuance than of substance.

Finally I should mention that of the three persons I am writing about, Danny is the most deeply religious, not in the tradition of orthodox Jewish piety but in the strength of his aching need for a cosmic support of his decent instincts. Irving Kristol, too, has certain intimations of divinity, if not of immortality, and shares Dan's respect for the institutional aspects of religion that reinforce human solidarity and curb the excesses of Nietzschean demonic individuality. Irving sometimes toys with theological speculation in order to annoy the smug complacency of Greenwich Village atheists who have not outgrown the logical positivism they studied in their undergraduate years. Danny's religious roots and needs are deeper. He was always steeped in Rabbinic lore and Jewish historical tradition. Unlike his brother-in-law, Alfred Kazin, he did not wait for the revelations of the Jewish holocaust to become aware of his Jewishness. Nor has he flaunted the anguish of the holocaust as if it were an additional distinction to his laurels, as Kazin did in his *New York Jew* whose vulgarity about the ineffable horror of Jewish martyrdom has been surpassed only in the work of a much more gifted *paskudnak,* the author of *The Portage of San Christobal.* Danny's recent interest in philosophy is spurred by the hope he can find intellectually respectable foundations for his faith. At this writing, he seems to have missed the remarkable contribution of Lewis Feuer's essay "Noumenalism and Einstein's Argument for the Existence of God" (*Inquiry,* Oslo. Vol. 26 pp. 251-285). Danny is incurably tender-minded, in William James's sense. Like so many other tender-minded he remains likable even when he falls short of justifying his faith.

When Melvin Lasky left Berlin and the editorship of *Der Monat* to edit *Encounter* he did more than inherit the legacy of Irving Kristol. He kept it alive despite an intense attack on its *bona fides* by angry critics who refused to judge it by its contents but by its subsidies from the Congress for Cultural Freedom that had been traced in part to the CIA. Those subsidies were discontinued, and Lasky began a heroic task to raise the extensive resources it required to keep publishing the magazine on its customary level of distinction. As issue after issue appeared, Lasky rewon the confidence of the critical reading public and scored one journalistic coup after another. Today it is at its highest intellectual level. In this achievement Lasky has been aided by a staff of devoted and self-sacrificing editorial and commercial associates. Of special note have been the interviews conducted by George Urban with some of the leading political and literary personalities of our time. Urban has been no mere interlocutor. He plays a creative non-intrusive role in interchanges that are as dramatic as they are informative. And yet for all the contributions of his collaborators, *Encounter* is Lasky's handiwork. To those who write for it, how he produces it and when is a mystery as unfathomable as the lapses and replies of his correspondence.

Lester Markel of the *New York Times* who enjoyed a legendary reputation among his subordinates as a hard and hated taskmaster once told me with becoming immodesty: "Every good editor must be a son-of-a-bitch." I have no doubt that Markel was both but I have met good, even excellent, editors whose paternity is normal. Mel is certainly a good editor but most of the contributors to *Encounter* find him elusive. One never knows when a contribution accepted with enthusiasm will appear. He never explains or apologizes for the delays. Although they fume and fret, even the most choleric of writers end up by accepting the wisdom of the editorial judgment without ceasing to deplore the periodic reticence and sometimes the absence of frankness of the editor. Despite his long absences abroad, Mel is quintessentially American and will remain so all his life, fascinating, provocative, and as a human being, fundamentally attractive to Europeans of all political persuasions except totalitarians, anti-anti-Communists, and confirmed anti-Americans.

As young men our three intellectual troubadours could have teamed together to publish a magazine, organize a great symposium, launch a new movement, and in general to make mischief for their teachers and elders in every area of their interest. As mature persons—it is hard for me to accept the fact that they are all grandfathers!—each one is the central figure in his own intellectual constellation. I enjoy them all, proud to have influenced them and been influenced by them. □

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THE WAR CRIMES RACKET

by Rael Jean Isaac

On the morning of October 9, 1984, a band of fifty true believers gathered in the vaulted stone assembly hall of Manhattan's Riverside Church to celebrate their faith through solemn ritual. Their creed is the irredeemable infamy of the United States, and the ritual on this occasion was a "War Crimes Tribunal on Central America and the Caribbean." For two successive days (the first day's solemnities were held at Columbia University's School of International Affairs) the faithful could devote themselves for eleven uninterrupted hours to a litany of U.S. atrocities, tortures, murders, barbarities, genocides, past and planned, going back at least 180 years.

To be sure, there was a secular—one might say profane—side to these celebrations. The tribunal's official sponsors were the National Lawyers Guild, the National Conference of Black Lawyers, the La Raza Legal Alliance, and the Center for Constitutional Rights. The first two are the U.S. affiliates of the International Association of Democratic Lawyers (IADL), described by the CIA as "one of the most useful Communist front organizations at the service of the Soviet Communist Party"; the third is affiliated with the IADL's southern hemisphere spinoff, the Association of American Jurists, headquartered, appropriately, in Havana; and the last is a "public interest" law firm founded by guild activists that works closely with both the guild and the National Conference of Black Lawyers.

While according to the program, the first day, which I missed, focused exclusively on the satanic behavior of the U.S. in Honduras, El Salvador, and Guatemala, the second day contrasted righteousness with evil. Paeans were sung to the blessed societies created by Castro in Cuba, the Sandinistas in Nicaragua, and Maurice Bishop in pre-invasion Grenada, while the impious efforts of the United States to destroy the wonders they had wrought were decried.

The format consisted of "lawyers" from a "legal secretariat" who introduced "witnesses" to the "judges" of the tribunal before whom these witnesses gave "testimony" pertinent to an "indictment" prepared by the Center for Constitutional Rights. Given that no one spoke for the defense, the witnesses performed in the religious sense of testifying for the faith. One of the more impassioned was Margarita Samad-Matias, a small dark-haired woman with wide-set eyes, who upon being introduced as director of the Latin American and Caribbean Studies Program at City College gave "witness" to U.S. crimes against the people of Grenada. She told of 16,000 U.S. troops in the invasion force (even the formal "indictment" cited only 5,000). Yet it was not the troops that evoked her deepest outrage, but what she claimed were 350 people "with advanced degrees" who, prior to landing, launched "a massive psychological destabilization campaign never before seen to impact on such a small population." According to Prof. Matias, once on the island, this advanced-degree contingent set up its own media and "discredited the people's government." All this presumably was Prof. Matias's way of accounting for the enthusiastic endorsement of the U.S. action by the vast majority of people on the island.

Prof. Matias invaded Grenada herself after the U.S. action, as part of an "investigative team," and found the population in acute "trauma" as families "disintegrated economically and socially." Indeed she found Grenadians in such a state of shock that a number of them had "curled up in the fetal position." Not content with what it had done to the people, the United States had even done violence to the shrubbery near the beach and had driven up the price of beachfront property.

Another emotional witness was Jane Franklin of the Center for Cuban Studies. From offices in New York City, the center dispenses to the faithful the speeches of Fidel and assorted Cuban officials, and publishes a bulletin that informs readers of the "monolithic ideological unity of the Cuban people." A woman in her fifties with long yellow hair, Miss Franklin has extraordinarily pasty skin that stretches tautly over the bones, giving her face a skull-like appearance. Her spiritual energies seem to have been wholly engaged by Fidel and his revolution. Despite the onslaughts of U.S. imperialism, she noted Cuba had "achieved three fantastic developments"—its health system, its literacy campaign, and its allegiance to revolutionary principles of self-determination. Miss Franklin pointed proudly to Cuban troops in Angola and Ethiopia as evidence of Fidel's "belief in other people's right to determine their own destiny." Finally, on the edge of tears, she reported that the Cuban people were even now building trenches in which they hoped to survive U.S. attack. For Fidel, we were assured, always knows what the U.S. is planning to do next, and he had said the U.S. would invade in November.

Not all the witnesses were this intense. Terence Cannon, Revson fellow at City College, author of *Revolutionary Cuba,* and—somehow omitted in the credits—for years a staff writer for the Communist *Daily World,* chronicled the "undeclared war by the U.S. against the people of Cuba." Harold Meyerson, a member of the National Lawyers Guild's Cuba Subcommittee, took this theme one step further. Not only was the U.S. engaged in a war against the Cuban people, he said, but it was also engaged "in a second war—against the American people"—to keep Americans from receiving "ideas" from Cuba. Then there was

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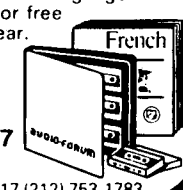

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William Schaap, a guild activist who edits the *Covert Action Information Bulletin,* a clone of *CounterSpy,* the magazine famous for exposing the identity of U.S. agents worldwide. Schaap portrayed the Sandinistas as guileless agrarian reformers falsely charged with intervention in El Salvador. And last, Peter Kornbluh of the Institute for Policy Studies, which had most of the Pentagon Papers in its possession a year before they leaked to the *Times,* provided further proof of IPS's ability to obtain advance possession of material embarrassing to the government by giving a preview of the CIA primer for the Nicaraguan "contras" that was shortly thereafter to cause the Reagan Administration considerable discomfort.

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Only half the panel's eight "judges" were lawyers. Presiding was a frail, aged Stanley Faulkner, a founding member of the IADL and currently a U.S. member of the Soviets' premier international front, the World Peace Council. Faulkner has acted as attorney for a series of Spanish-speaking Communists. His most famous clients were probably David Sequeiros, the Mexican painter who made the first, unsuccessful attempt on Trotsky's life, and Luis Corvalan, chief of the Chilean Communist party who in 1976 was exchanged for the distinguished Soviet dissident Vladimir Bukovsky. Faulkner's contributions have been recognized by the East German government, which awarded him its "Peace Medal." Other lawyer-judges were the Honorable Bruce Wright of the New York State Supreme Court (known familiarly as "Turn 'em loose Bruce"), Wilma Reveron Tio, an activist in the cause of freeing Puerto Rico from U.S. colonialism, and Paul O'Dwyer, one-time New York City Council chairman, now seeking to free Northern Ireland from British imperialism.

Among the non-lawyer "judges" was the Rev. William Sloane Coffin, pastor of Riverside Church.[1] Coffin's enthusiasm for peace between nations does not extend to the domestic hearth; his second marriage foundered when he administered a karate chop to his wife that left her with a hairline skull fracture. Then there was the Rev. Ben Chavis, spruce in a black and yellow dashiki over his clerical garb. Chavis, deputy director of the United Church of Christ's Commission for Racial Justice, is best known as one of the Wilmington Ten. (His conviction for firebombing a grocery in North Carolina was set aside by the U.S. Court of Appeals after he had served four years.) He is also—although this too was omitted in the credits—co-chairman, with Communist party vice-presidential candidate Angela Davis, of the Committee Against Racist and Political Repression, a group, *mirabile dictu,* with close ties to the U.S. Communist party. Other judges were Doris Turner, president of District 1199 of the National Union of Hospital and Health Employees, and Rosa Parks, the black lady who started the bus boycott in Alabama in 1955 by moving to the front of the bus. In a "more just" society, the guild's Harold Meyerson informed us in his opening remarks, Faulkner and O'Dwyer would be sitting on the Supreme Court and Parks and Chavis would be there as "coequals."

[1]According to newspaper accounts, Coffin "judged" the first day, although he was not present for that part of the proceedings I attended.

While the evidence is admittedly circumstantial, it seems to me highly probable that the idea for these "war crimes tribunals"—ten additional ones were scheduled to take place in other major cities—was cooked up by the International Association of Democratic Lawyers, the Soviet front with which two of the tribunal's sponsoring groups are affiliated. For one thing, war crimes tribunals have become something of an IADL specialty. The IADL has helped to organize tribunals focusing on U.S. "mercenarism" in Angola, "U.S. crimes" in Vietnam, and, probably least faded in public memory, "U.S. crimes" in Iran—the "International Conference to Investigate U.S. Intervention in Iran," conducted in Tehran in June 1980 under the supervision of then Iranian foreign minister, Sadeq Ghotbzadeh. Moreover Lennox Hinds, the IADL's "Permanent Representative to the U.N.," two years ago disclosed the IADL's interest in putting on a show of this kind on Central America. In June 1982 Hinds, who was formerly associate director of the National Conference of Black Lawyers, along with a delegation from that group and the National Lawyers Guild, went to the U.N. to demand that it "take any and all appropriate action" against the U.S. for having "flagrantly violated" international law in El Salvador.

Hinds then mentioned that the IADL was thinking of establishing an "international commission" on Reagan's foreign policy. It would appear that plan was fulfilled with a tribunal held in Brussels on September 28-30, 1984. Official sponsor of this affair was a recently created outfit called the "International Progress Organization," but many of the names appended were familiar World Peace Council activists. It seems reasonable to conclude that the International Progress Organization, whose "findings" in Brussels echoed the Soviet line on every subject from Central America to the inalienable rights of the PLO to the Pershing and MX missiles, was set up by the Soviets to avoid the "name recognition" that adheres by now to both the World Peace Council and the International Association of Democratic Lawyers.

It is thus not surprising that a full page ad devoted to "Conclusions and Judgment of the Brussels Tribunal" appeared in the *New York Times* on October 7, just one day before the war crimes tribunal in Manhattan. The ad, apparently, was designed to serve as a back-up to the local event. The presence of four "international legal observers" from the International Association of Democratic Lawyers was announced during the proceedings I attended, and their credentials were

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included in the program packet. One of the members of the "Legal Secretariat," according to the program, had just returned from the Brussels tribunal. Another individual openly linked to both is Ramsey Clark, the former U.S. attorney general, who has developed into something of a war crimes trial maven. Clark headed the U.S. delegation to the Iranian show trial, was a featured speaker at the Brussels tribunal, and was listed as legal adviser to the New York tribunal.

Equally suggestive was the Center for Constitutional Rights' indictment, ostensibly brought on behalf of "the people of the United States" against the President and his administration. Although the proceedings were confined to U.S. "war crimes" in Central America, the indictment had a "second count": It charged the U.S. was engaged in a "conspiracy" to unleash nuclear war "against the peoples of the world" by deploying the cruise and Pershing missiles in Europe. The attempt to roll back the U.S. missile deployment in Europe, emphasized in the Brussels tribunal, was thus not neglected in New York. And, finally, both the Brussels and New York tribunals directed their "findings" to the U.N. It goes without saying that if the New York tribunal as well as the ten others around the country were indeed part of an IADL campaign, those who participated would wittingly or unwittingly have been implementing one of the Soviet Union's "active measures" in the United States.

While war crimes tribunals abroad serve as theatrical devices to whip up anti-U.S. sentiment, here I think they must be seen as part of the Left's effort to "institutionalize" its attack on "the system." In this case the pretext is that the courts have failed to act and so the alternative "tribunal" must be established to rule justly, even if, at this time, it cannot implement its findings. Another such device is the "alternative budget" pioneered by the Institute for Policy Studies a decade ago, the most recent budget of this sort having been prepared during the Reagan Administration at the request of fifty-five members of Congress. These budgets provide a "just" allocation of national resources, meeting "human needs" and sharply curtailing military expenditures. The "Peace Academy"—which Congress may well witlessly vote into existence—is another such project of the radical Left. All these offer mechanisms to claim moral authority. Implicit is a powerplay: If the establishment's institutions have failed, those who serve as custodians of the society's true values deserve to govern.

Whatever the purpose of these tribunals, the obvious question is do they matter. Even in the afternoon, when attendance improved, no more than a hundred people were present and it is unlikely that the tribunals in other cities did much better. Press coverage was minimal. (In the U.S., that is: Three top-flight Soviet journalists covered the New York tribunal, their articles appearing in *Pravda* and *Komsomolskaya Pravda*.) Yet one reason these tribunals have significance is that they point up the increasing misuse of the law by a segment of the radical bar, a phenomenon associated with the rise of the "Movement" of the 1960s that has gone all but unremarked. And of course these tribunals, modeled explicitly on the Nuremberg trials, make their own contribution to the corruption of language and to emptying of meaning one of the twentieth century's most terrible events.

But perhaps the most significant aspect of the tribunals is that they serve to remind us of the National Lawyers Guild's success (and that of the host of radical institutes and activist organizations with which the guild interlocks) in shaping public perception of U.S. actions in Central America. While the guild is unfashionable, its ideas have become the epitome of radical chic. In October, while the guild's "witnesses" were declaiming to a scrubby handful, a party was being given at the New York Athletic Club for the beautiful people to meet Nora Astorga, the Sandinista temptress who lured one of Somoza's generals to her bedroom to be mutilated and murdered. In the meantime Commandante Ortega, the Sandinista choice for president, was being feted at San Francisco's Commonwealth Club and by Hollywood's Committee of Concern for Central America, which on October 12 held a "Town Meeting on Central America," scheduled to perform in five major cities.

When all is said, it just might be that the proper way to see these war crimes tribunals is in the context of the current crop of cults. We marvel at the appeal of such sects as the Rajneeshis, the Sebaba, Hare Krishna, Scientology, and a host of others. None of these has a belief system remotely as implausible as that shared by the guild's activists and their followers. These people do not experience the United States as most of us do; they inhabit a Kafkaesque *Amerika,* a diabolical and cruel society, oppressive at home, malevolent abroad. They see this country as fascist, or at the edge of fascism, its storm troopers poised at any moment to carry them away in the middle of the night. And so they huddle together in their terror, lashing out at the great Behemoth. And where do they turn for succor, comfort, and support? Why, precisely to those totalitarian governments that *do* carry people away into the night! □

PRESSWATCH

MENTAL REALIGNMENTS

by Fred Barnes

Given that the closest thing to a conservative ideologue ever to sit in the White House was overwhelmingly reelected to a second term, you might have thought that conservatism had won a full-throated endorsement from the voters last November. No way. The way the press told it, both Walter F. Mondale and liberalism lost and Ronald Reagan won. But conservatism didn't win or lose; it wasn't up for judgment. Somehow the 89.3 million Americans who went to the polls managed to render a favorable verdict on Mr. Reagan without taking a stand, even a hesitant one, on the ideology that is the source of Reagan's political motivation and the touchstone of many of his policies as President. All in all, a nifty trick.

Some of the explanations of how this happened were extraordinarily ingenious. One was simply to assume that Reagan is a middle-of-the-roader, or at least that he's taken the country on a middling course. Haynes Johnson of the *Washington Post* quoted the voters as sending this message: "We like you personally, Mr. President, and we like the way things are now going in America. But we don't want much of a change, and we'd like to keep the country moving straight down the center of the road for the next four years we're giving you." Hedrick Smith of the *New York Times* suggested that the President won in spite of his conservative views and did so by leaving the grubby world of politicians and entering the firmament of superheroes. "For more than a year, as opinion polls showed Mr. Reagan holding strong against sharp criticism from the group of Democratic candidates running for President, political experts began realizing that he had become more than a politician," Smith wrote. "He had become, in their view, a phenomenon existing outside his policies, many of which were not being embraced nearly as warmly by Americans."

Another tack was to posit that the electorate was ratifying a successful presidency and a national mood, irrespective of the fact that it took a dramatic policy shift in Washington to bring both of them about. Voters, said *Time,* "were not necessarily approving Reagan's conservative ideology, though that ideology holds more sway than anyone could have guessed even in 1980, or rewarding his engaging personality, attractive though it obviously is. Above all they were expressing satisfaction with what has become a rarity in American politics: what seems to be a successful presidency, in terms of economic growth and national strength and pride, especially in con-

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trast to the turbulent terms that preceded it." Then *Time* went further in its twilight zone reasoning, guessing that voters were spurred by a civics book abstraction. "The very notion of having a President serve two terms might have proved significant to many voters," the magazine declared, without providing a crumb of evidence to substantiate this.

The most cogent case for a non-endorsement of conservatism rested on the slim progress made by Republicans in the House of Representatives. Here the problem was that GOP conservatives such as Congressman Newt Gingrich, who had predicted a gain of "well over twenty" House seats, were caught with their exaggerated expectations showing. The press judged the exact pickup of fourteen seats in light of these expectations, not against the backdrop of the persistent claims of Democratic strategists that the Republicans would net fewer than ten seats. Thus, the gains loomed small. In truth, the re-election of a President rarely produces major gains for his party; when Franklin D. Roosevelt won a second term in 1936, his landslide generated only fourteen new House seats. But that didn't stop the *New Republic* from concluding that "the long-awaited realignment of American politics again seems not to have taken place."

Actually, it has to some extent. Or more precisely, a kind of realignment is still taking place, the various parts of which have been widely reported on. But the press has declined to compute the sum of these parts. One reason for this failure is that political correspondents are still looking for a realignment along the lines of earlier models—Andrew Jackson's (1828) or William McKinley's (1896) or FDR's (1932). In other words, reporters are waiting for a sweeping transfer of power from Democrats to Republicans that reaches from the White House to Capitol Hill to the statehouse to the county courthouse. Obviously, we are not experiencing that sort of realignment. This one is different. It is occurring at some political levels but not at others. And unlike the historical models, this time the crumbling of one party—in this case, the Democrats—isn't automatically touching off an equivalent resurgence of the other, the Republicans.

The most important part of the new realignment involves ideas. The voters have simply become more conservative over the last two decades, though the media are often willing to concede this only by invoking pejorative code words. The reigning code word in the 1984 campaign was "self-interest," which is what voters were said to be pursuing in their enthusiasm for Reagan. Columnist Joseph Kraft was even harsher, proclaiming that "greed sits in the American saddle." This slur was too much for Hugh Sidey of *Time,* whose conservatism has become more eloquent, populistic, and pointed in recent years. Columnists like Kraft, he noted, "are more accustomed to being the Pied Pipers of Middle America, marching jauntily out front with majorities forming obediently behind. Being deserted is a frustrating experience."

On one idea in particular, the Krafts have been abandoned—all-purpose government. True, practically no one is for pillaging the Environmental Protection Agency or privatizing the Social Security system or tossing every last U.S. Food Stamp into a bonfire. But twenty years ago, government was widely viewed as the chief agent of progress in this country, and now it's not; business has swiped that role. Only eight years ago, a President was elected on a pledge to cut defense spending in real terms; this year, the argument was over how much military expenditures should be increased. Not surprisingly, this ideological upheaval has moved the center of gravity in American politics, with Reagan leading the way. A few journalists recognized the shift. "Whether or not a partisan realignment is taking place, a philosophical realignment is—in fact, has," wrote Theo Lippman, Jr. in the *Baltimore Sun.* "In my view, in the election of 1980 Ronald Reagan redefined the center of the Republican Party well to the right of the old center and formed a majority constituency around that point, and in the election of 1984 he redefined the center rightward for the Democratic Party as well."

Horace Busby, the one-time aide to President Lyndon B. Johnson who now puts out a trenchant political newsletter in Washington, describes the ideological transformation as a "mental realignment." It, in turn, has led to a realignment in presidential politics that gives Republican candidates, assuming they are not liberals, a built-in advantage. Republicans are more likely to carry the Sun Belt and Western states, and in the wake of the 1980 census these states now have a majority of the electoral votes. So, Busby has concluded, there is a "Republican electoral lock." The lone Democrat to break the lock since 1964 was Jimmy Carter, a Southerner running in 1976 as a moderate and sharp critic of government. He, of course, couldn't reproduce this feat in 1980.

Contrary to the notion of most political writers, realignment has reached the Senate as well, which is why it has stayed under Republican control since 1980. It wasn't either a fluke or Reagan's coattails that brought folks like John East of North Carolina or Steve Symms of Idaho to the Senate in 1980. They had to be right on the two mega-issues that dominate presidential and Senate races: who can handle the economy best, and who can provide an assertive foreign policy and militarily secure nation. Hard as some incumbent Democrats tried, these issues just couldn't be averted. And personal popularity often wasn't enough either, because Senate elections are not personality contests. House races frequently are, though, and that is one reason why realignment hasn't reached below the Senate. It is difficult to "nationalize" a House race—Reagan tried this unsuccessfully in a few districts in the last two weeks of the campaign—especially when the incumbent stresses constituency service and local issues.

The press wrote extensively about two other parts of the realignment, lamenting one and puzzling over the other. The drift of white voters to the Republicans drew wailing and gnashing of teeth, even from me. On a trip to Mississippi last October, I had a hard time finding any white voters for Mondale. At a Democratic rally in Clarksdale, there was scarcely a white face in the crowd. The Mondale campaign simply didn't exist outside the black community in Mississippi, and the Reagan campaign was virtually an all-white operation. That kind of polarization may have aided Mr. Reagan's re-election, but it's not a healthy sign for the country.

"This is an era of declining white guilt," moaned Robert Kaiser in the *Washington Post.* But that does not explain the inability of Democratic presidential candidates to attract white voters, particularly white males. Only one Democrat since World War II, Lyndon Johnson, has attracted more than 50 percent of the white vote. Since 1964 Carter is the only Democrat to have received more than 40 percent, and he achieved that only once. Mondale managed but 34 percent of the white vote—and 31 percent among white males. "In parts of the Deep South, less than 10 percent of whites went for the Democrat," wrote Samuel Popkin, a professor of political science at the University of California, San Diego, in the *Washington Post.* "But this is not just a Southern problem. All across the country the new competitive spirit and the renewed sense of patriotism present stumbling blocks for Democrats. A party that can cheer a nominee who implies that 'decency' and 'self-interest' are incompatible ('I'd rather lose a campaign on decency than win a campaign on self-interest')—a party that is ambivalent about international assertiveness and competition—is in a poor position to capture the White House."

As for the surge of young voters to Reagan and the Republican party, the press wasn't alone in its bemusement. None of the Reagan strategists had anticipated it. Stuart Spencer, the shrewdest of Reagan's political advisers, said he would stand on the

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fringe of youth-filled rallies last fall and wonder, "Where am I?" Spencer remembered the old days when Reagan used to get booed off campuses. Anyway, the media jumped on the young-folks-for-Reagan story. The *Sun*, for instance, did one piece at the University of Maryland and another at Lehigh University in Pennsylvania, finding Reaganites in abundance at both places. Bill Peterson of the *Washington Post* went to Ohio State University and uncovered the same. Exit polls fleshed out the phenomenon: voters 18 to 21 favored Carter by 47-41 percent in 1980, but they preferred Reagan in 1984 by 60-39 percent.

Humorist Art Buchwald wrote about the agony of liberal parents confronted with a conservative college kid. "This is not an easy time for many of my friends raised in the good old liberal tradition," he confessed. "Events are moving too fast, and they don't know what's happening to them." Buchwald said he suggested to Fred and Mira Staunchley—this is a humor column, remember—that their son Tommy was putting on a conservative act to shock them:

"It's no act," Fred said. "Mira found this under his pillow this morning."

"What is it?"

" 'In Search of Excellence: Lessons from America's Best-Run Companies.' When she confronted him with it he just shrugged his shoulders and said if he was going to scratch and claw his way up the ladder he had to know what big business was doing."

"I don't know what we did wrong," Mira said. "We taught him to have concern for the poor and the disenfranchised. We took him to antinuclear demonstrations. He led a boycott of California lettuce when he was in high school. We had such high hopes for him. Our dream was someday he would be arrested for protesting a toxic waste dump."

"And he turned his back on everything you people believe in?"

"Not only that. He said we were bleeding hearts and didn't understand the real world. He told us there would always be poor people, and there were a lot worse things than a nuclear arms race. As far as the environment was concerned, he would have nothing to do with a movement that was impeding the economic growth of the United States."

"Did he say where he stood on school prayer?"

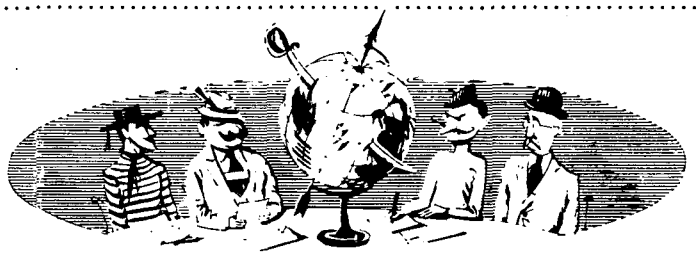
"He said we were a nation under God and there was nothing wrong with children praying before they started their classes. Then he gave us 10 minutes on having a Supreme Court that would not always come down on the side of the criminal."

"It sounds like this has not been one of your better weeks," I said. "Where is Tommy now?"

"He's upstairs watching Louis Rukeyser's 'Wall Street Week.'"

Almost as unanticipated as the conservatism of young voters was the dramatic increase in the percentage of voters who were willing to identify themselves with the Republicans, the party of Watergate. In the exit poll of ABC News, the voters broke roughly even in their party identification, which amounted to a 30 percent jump for the Republicans since 1980. And in ABC's poll in Texas, voters actually showed a slight preference for the GOP, which is astonishing in such an overwhelmingly Democratic state. For sure, party preference doesn't mean what it used to. A mere 14 percent of the voters nationally confided to ABC that the party affiliation of a candidate made a hoot of difference to them. But a sudden jump to the GOP, no matter how shallow the commitment to the party is, means something. So does the appearance of all those college kids with Reagan buttons and so does the growing national disdain for liberalism. It means that, regardless of what you read or saw on TV, the voters endorsed more than just Reagan. They registered their approval—temporary approval, you could argue—of a political philosophy, too. □

EUROPEAN DOCUMENT



FLEET STREET FOOLISHNESS

by Herb Greer

The British like to think that Americans are still untamed. As befits semi-savages, we are often seen on this side of the pond as gullible and maybe a little bit crazy. This quaint prejudice has been implicit in much British coverage of our general elections, notably the one in 1980 and this year's contest.

During the Reagan-Carter election plenty of the reportage in Britain carried an undertone of baffled amazement: Journalists and commentators saw what to them were two incredible candidates for the highest office of the world's most powerful nation—one a sincerely Christian oaf, an ex-peanut-farmer whose handling of the presidency had been, to say the least, provincial; opposing him with no real chance of winning was a former *actor*, a creature apparently of cardboard whose main qualifications as a candidate seemed to be a pleasant manner on television combined with fierce right-wing rhetoric. How could an advanced country with a population in the hundreds of millions throw up such a pair of alternatives?

On balance most British commentators preferred the oaf, since Reagan was clearly not a person or a politician they could take seriously. Carter at the very least had decent aims: He wanted peace and worked for human rights. Reagan, if one believed some British reports, was quite ready to blow up the world at worst, bring back the Cold War at best, and revive a Manichean approach to international politics that made Europeans shudder. He was a "Hollywood Cowboy" shooting from the lip and ready if he got in to shoot from the hip, too. It was tacitly assumed that no mature nation in its right mind could elect such a man, and certainly not *decisively*. Not even the crazy Americans would do such a thing. The result of this assumption was that one, and only one, prominent British journalist predicted the 1980 landslide; and he was a gossip columnist, Nigel Dempster of the *Daily Mail*.

During the past two years roughly two views of American politics and policies have dominated the British media. One—the minority—applauds the recovery of American morale after the downcast years under Carter, and approves Reagan's firmness, his lack of anxiety to please the West's enemies. It generally endorses his sense of Communism as a serious threat to the values and integrity of the Western world. Majority opinion in the British media clings to the 1980 caricature of Reagan as a missile-monger and simpleminded international thug. It accounts for his popularity by reference to "communication" (read: acting) skill on television, backed by a sinister clique of experts in media manipulation. Thus gullible Americans are induced to swallow aggressive policies and economic Darwinism, much to the danger of world peace and the detriment of European economies. This view is particularly favored by cartoonists even in papers like the *Times* and the *Sunday Times* which, under Rupert Murdoch's ownership, are not exactly left-wing.

This divide matches closely enough the Republican and Democratic dichotomy in America's national argument. But in Britain there are special glosses. Even those who approve of Reagan's policies patronize him as an ex-actor and worry, for instance, that he does not see the USSR as a nation among others, but as a devil to be destroyed as God cast down Lucifer. This assumption is sustained by an ignorance of the conventions of American political rhetoric, leading to a willingness here to take that rhetoric literally. On the Left and among some moderate journalists there was and is a persistent attempt to portray Reagan and his electorate as a danger to "peace" fully equivalent to any threat presented by the Soviet Union and its allies. This symmetry is especially popular on British television. It has been the leading theme of reports on nuclear weapons by current affairs shows like the BBC's weekly "Panorama," and of much feature-documentary work on ITV (commercial television) by reporters like Jonathan Dimbleby, the furiously anti-American John Pilger, and in current affairs magazine-shows like the left-wing "World in Action."

Journalists of right and left almost

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united over Grenada. Britain heard and read of Yankee aggressiveness, political "naiveté," overkill, failure to consult allies, etc. Grenada's wild welcome to American troops smothered this outcry into an embarrassed sulkiness, with ITV reporters scouring the island for a supporter of the New Jewel Movement who would complain on camera. Hostile reporters like Trevor Fishlock of the *Times* sniped sullenly at the "charm school" friendliness of GIs in Grenada, and sneered pathetically at the presence of crates of Coca-Cola. This sort of thing kept coming from Fishlock long after the *Times* had changed its editorial mind and acclaimed the "rescue" of Grenada.

Reportage on the recent election maintained the generally Democratic party bias of "serious" journalism in Britain. The opacity of Mondale was reported with dismay and puzzlement, but his policies were given friendly treatment, with headlines like "Mondale's Robin Hood Gamble" and the backhanded "Mondale losing in the 'Macho' Stakes." Ms. Ferraro was given gentle treatment, as were hangers-on like the egregious Reverend Jackson. One commentator did quote, ruefully, a Mondale supporter's remark that his man came over like "a cross between a Presbyterian minister and a tree." The President's candidacy, in contrast, was greeted with a long "profile" in the *Observer* by Robert Chesshyre, who has been consistently and virulently hostile to Reagan. The "profile" was riddled with snide comments and accused the President of trying to "impose lifelong [sic] censorship on the 128,000 top administration officials." ITV's Channel 4, the "serious" channel, broadcast, and repeated during the campaign, a documentary which among other things called the President a puppet, a threat to American democracy, a danger to world peace, and a passive tool of media manipulators. Following the Mondale-Reagan debates, "Channel 4 News" brought in a medical amateur to comment on Reagan's syntax and state confidently that it showed him "on the verge of senility."

There has of course been some serious comment. For example, early in the campaign Conor Cruise O'Brien, writing in the *Observer,* shrewdly analyzed the role of the man who "plays" the President. He also dealt acerbically with the issue of foreign policy "expertise":

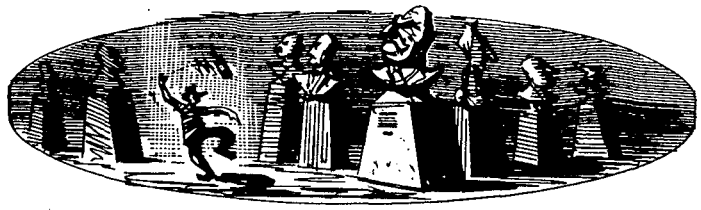
> There was a time . . . when foreign policy experts (like McGeorge Bundy and Robert McNamara) were held in superstitious veneration. Ice-cold brains, one was told, were at work. Pretty thick ice it turned out to be.

On another Sunday O'Brien made a point that is extremely rare in the British press, and almost nonexistent on British television:

> People who have lived through a long slice of the twentieth century are likely to be aware of a need to avoid hubris, and leaps in the dark. Reagan often sounds as if he hadn't learned that lesson, but the gap between his rhetoric and his behavior suggests that he may have.

Among the contemptuous references to the President's media skill there does occasionally appear a glimmer of recognition that his appeal to Americans contains more than the meretricious unguents of political snake oil. In a perceptive column from America, Frank Johnson of the *Times* noted how much Mondale resembled a British parliamentary-style politician, with a repertoire of facts and figures and the backchat skill to exploit them. But, Johnson concluded, he distrusted Mr. Mondale's "facts" and was more persuaded by Mr. Reagan's simple truths. It is an unfortunate characteristic of British reportage on the election and on America generally that men like Johnson and O'Brien have only a minor effect on British public opinion. The media audience seems on the whole to prefer the gross simplistics of hostile reporters and cartoonists in the press and on the other media. Many here are convinced, for instance, that Reagan appeals purely to materialism in the young, and that once-visionary students have *abandoned* their idealism to follow and vote for him. This extraordinary view suggests that in the British disdain of Yankee gullibility there is more than a touch of the sooty pot insisting that a bright new kettle is black. □

EMINENTOES



THE BRITISH LENIN

by John Burton

For many a long year, trade unions have been turning the British economy into an industrial museum through monopolistic wage demands, restrictive practices, and political pressure to prevent industrial adaptation. For an equally long time, many Britons have sustained themselves against this impoverishing force with the idea that, although in the grip of one of the most powerful yet backward-looking union movements in the world, the homegrown variety was at least markedly less violent than its American counterpart.

This comforting British illusion has now been irreparably damaged, if not destroyed, by the extensive campaign of violence that has accompanied the partial strike in the British coal-mining industry, engineered—against his own union's constitutional rules—by Mr. Arthur Scargill, president of the National Union of Mineworkers (NUM). Nothing like this mob violence and intimidation has been seen in Britain since the Fascist marches against the Jews organized by Sir Oswald Moseley in the early 1930s. Since the beginning of the strike in February, a group representing miners who have braved intimidation to go to work (originally about one quarter of the work force now rising to 30 percent) has recorded over 5,000 acts of intimidation and violence. The tactics deployed by some of the strikers, and far-left political agitators who have joined them, range through the attempt to suspend the operation of coal mines and steel mills by mass intimidatory "picketing" and rioting (by up to 20,000 men); the waylaying of working miners; threats of rape and death against their wives and families; stoning of their houses and autos; arson; the use of telegraph poles as battering rams on "picket" lines; tripwires to bring down mounted police protection; the ambushing of police cars and violent assaults by rampaging mobs on police stations; the use of nail-guns, catapults to fire ball bearings at policemen, pick-axe handles, and Molotov cocktails. For nine months, the main area of worker resistance to the union-imposed strike, the Nottinghamshire coal field, has often resembled a battleground.

What is it all about? Those unfamiliar with the British situation may be unaware of the fiscal and regulatory racketeering normally associated in Britain with the operation of a "nationalized" industry.

To begin with, the coal industry in the U.K. is state-owned (some small amount of private open-caste mining is allowed under license). A "public" corporation, the National Coal Board (NCB), has a statutory monopoly of production. Other fuels, such as oil, are discriminated against by taxation. The (state-owned) Central Electricity Generating Board is forced to take large quantities of British coal that it would prefer to purchase (because cheaper) from elsewhere (including America). Import regulations against coal imports have been deployed by successive British governments to further entrench the state monopoly.

An American innocent of state ownership in industry might think that all this would allow the NCB to extort a whacking monopoly profit from the hapless British energy consumer. As it turns out, however, many nationalized industries have a capacity for making losses that exceeds even the ability to extract monopoly profits.

Thus the NCB last fiscal year registered a deficit of £1.3 billion. The basic problem is that while the NCB does not have many internationally competitive pits, it also has a tail of highly unproductive pits—kept going by vast subsidies—that jack up the general price of its coal substantially. The average price of British coal at the pithead is £46 per ton (and ranges from

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£25 to £135), as compared to £23-£27 per ton for deep-mined coal of comparable quality from the eastern United States.

In 1983 Mrs. Thatcher appointed an experienced coal and steel businessman, Ian McGregor, as chairman of the NCB with instructions to increase its efficiency and reduce the tax and energy price burden imposed on the rest of the British economy. Mr. McGregor responded with a slimming plan that involved the closure of some desperately uneconomic pits and reduction of the work force by 20,000 men. This was to occur without compulsory layoffs but with generous severance fees to those volunteering to quit, at levels of up to ten times the standard payment in U.K. industry.

However, Scargill and his union's executive committee have refused to countenance the closure of *any* uneconomic pit. According to Scargill's unyielding "negotiating" position, all pits must be kept open and working, not only for current miners but for their children in *perpetuity,* until utter exhaustion of their veins.

On the surface, the conflict between McGregor and Scargill may be portrayed as one between hard-nosed business economics and concern and compassion for dying mining villages. This, at any rate, is how the recently enthroned (Anglican) Bishop of Durham has sought to portray the events of the last nine months, and in his stand he has been supported by other bishops, including the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Alas, the current coal dispute in Britain has little to do with a conflict between the alternative secular principles of "economic reality" and "social justice." Scargill is not interested in finding some bargaining compromise in a troubled industry, nor does he care about the interests of taxpayers, consumers, or employees in the manufacturing industry—not to mention the coal-mining industry. What he is trying to do—indeed he said as much before a cheering national rally last spring—is create a national insurrection that would bring down the Thatcher government. This, then, is not an industrial dispute but a political one, and the violence in Britain's coal fields is a civil war between a band of revolutionaries and those who will have no truck with it.

Arthur Scargill's political objectives are a matter of long-expressed public record. In the June 1975 issue of the *New Left Review,* a Marxist quarterly (to which the Bishop of Durham has also contributed), Scargill explained his general view of British society:

> The issue is a very simple one: it is *them* and it is us. I will never accept that it is anything else because it is a class battle, it is a class war.

In March 1984 Scargill reiterated his views in the Communist newspaper, the *Morning Star,* calling for the "rapid and total mobilization of the trade union movement" to "defend our class" and for the defeat of the "capitalist system."

While Scargill has been perhaps a little too open for his own good, his mastery of tactics to achieve his aims has been nothing short of brilliant. He is a master at Newspeak, forever insisting that Britain has the most efficient deep-mined coal industry in the world, or that police attempts to protect nonstriking miners constitute illegal state interference in the operation of the mines. Every two weeks or so since February, he has even claimed that power stations have only eight weeks of coal reserves left. (In fact, since a wildcat strike in major British coalfields in 1981 the government has been stockpiling significant reserves for its power plants.) Equally pronounced has been Scargill's command of the techniques of mass intimidation through trade union violence—most notably in his reliance on "massed flying pickets/squadrons." These formidable quasi-military operations were first deployed by Scargill in 1969, when he was president of the Yorkshire area of the NUM:

> We launched from the coalfield here squads of cars, minibuses and buses, all directed onto pre-determined targets, with five, six, seven-hundred miners at a time. Of course, the police were going to come, but they couldn't cover forty points at a time without bringing the British armed forces in. . . .

Scargill made further use of these rampaging "squadrons" during the NUM disputes of 1971-2 and 1973-4, with evident success. He correctly detected two critical weaknesses in British society. First, the British police were unarmed, untrained in riot control, and unable—as non-national, county-based forces—to deal with nationwide outbreaks of quasi-military attacks upon installations. Second, British society as a whole remained nonplussed in the face of such violence, assuming that there must be some just cause behind it.

On the first occasion, the Heath government conceded open defeat, foreseeing a breakdown of power supplies and sewage. On the second, faced by chronic power shortages (forcing the imposition of a three-day work week) Heath went to the voters on a "who runs the country—the government or the unions?" ticket, and lost.

What will happen this time? Scargill should not be underrated—as until recently he had been by some leading British commentators. He is a hard and committed man whom another British neo-Marxist, Mr. Jimmy Reid, has compared to Lenin. Sure enough, Scargill believes that a disciplined and unquestioning force, willing to commit violence as its leader dictates, can, in an atmosphere of chaos and economic breakdown induced by violence, create a Leninist-style revolution in the U.K. And he has such a disciplined force: His hard-core support, a virtual private army, is estimated at four to five thousand men. He can also draw upon the resources of far-left revolutionaries both in the U.K. (some of whom have positions of power in local government) and abroad.

Contacts between Scargill and Qaddafi's regime have recently surfaced. On October 8, Scargill says, he met in the headquarters in Paris of the Communist CGT French union with "some people who said they were from Libya and trade unionists." This meeting lasted six hours. Quite apart from the fact that trade unions do not exist in Libya, the *Sunday Times* has revealed that Scargill actually met with a Mr. Salem Ibrahim, "identified by French security services as Qaddafi's paymaster and as a senior Libyan intelligence officer." Under pressure of press inquiry, Scargill has revealed that he also met that day with "people" from Hungary and the Soviet Union. The miners' Scottish president, Mr. Mick McGahey, has recently revealed—under media pressure—that $1,138,000 of aid has been received by the NUM from "Soviet comrades." The *Sunday Times* has also exposed a number of secret meetings of NUM personnel, including Scargill, with persons unknown from the Soviet embassy in London. (After the miners' strike in 1972, Scargill, his wife, and daughter were among one hundred officials of the NUM who spent a one-month, all-expenses-paid holiday in the USSR.) One does not need to be a conspiracy theorist to wonder what is going on behind all this.

Unlike Lenin, however, who decried the revolutionary potential of trade unionism, Scargill believes that trade unions—at least in the United Kingdom—can be an effective Trojan horse for the Sovietization of a democratic society. It is in this assumption, among other calculations, that Scargill has got things wrong.

For major opposition to Scargill's program for Leninist revolution through the unions has arisen not from Mrs. Thatcher's government, or from industry, but from rank-and-file British union members, starting with a significant proportion of the NUM itself. They have gone to work in defiance of Scargill's dictates, threats, and use of violence against them. Scargill's attempts to generate a general strike—through political cronies in other unions—has also met with considerable defiance. The dockers, so vital to an island country heavily dependent upon exports and imports, have twice been ordered to strike by their leaders, orders which they have ignored. A similar attitude pervades the workers in the crucial electric power and road transportation industries. Recently two ordinary members of the NUM mounted a successful legal challenge to the effect that Scargill's imposed strike was a breach of contract and contrary to the union's own constitution. With Scargill now refusing to accept the rulings of British courts, the issue has become one of the rule of law vs. the rule of Mr. Scargill. In the meantime the High Court is seeking to sequestrate all of the NUM's funds and the NUM has responded by trying to remove its assets from the jurisdiction of British courts—by placing them in America and elsewhere.

There will be no *general* strike in Britain, for the simple reason that a very large part of the population does not want to live under the sort of regime that Scargill would dictate. The attempt to generalize the strike across British industry would reveal the extent of opposition to Scargill's aims and methods.

Above all, the British proto-Lenin has been misled by the easy success of his earlier campaigns of organized violence in the 1970s. He does not yet realize how deeply he himself has transformed the economic and political debate in Britain. Since the initial exercise of Scargill's techniques in the late 1960s, the question of how a diverse society can cope with organized group violence has been an increasingly nagging one for the British. They hoped the question would go away, but it hasn't, and accommodation to unpleasant realities is proceeding apace. □

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George McCartney

Evelyn Waugh is everywhere these days. A week doesn't go by without a critic or journalist invoking his name in tribute or censure to the passing scene. Even the better sort of movie reviewer will occasionally risk the displeasure of the studios by reminding his readers of the writer whose early novels are more inventively cinematic in their pacing than the latest thirty-million dollar state-of-the-art smash-hit. In this age of word-processed masterpieces, it's reassuring to know that a five-foot seven-inch Englishman of Tory persuasion who never learned how to use a typewriter and couldn't write a successful screenplay, created fiction that remains sprightlier and infinitely more entertaining than today's electronically keyboarded film scripts and best-sellers produced at exorbitant expense by teams of technically skilled writing professionals. Now, thanks to Little, Brown's reissuing of Waugh's novels, travel writing, and, most recently, his journalism together with the appearance of his biography, diaries, and letters over the past nine years, we have been discovering or rediscovering that this superbly gifted entertainer was also one of our century's most important novelists.

As would be expected, given this revival of interest, the pundits have turned out in force vying with one another to tag Waugh with the label that will fix him for the filing drawer. Theirs is not an enviable task. Few writers have been as fleet and agile. His commentators keep trying, but none seems quite to touch the essential Waugh. In their frustration, their labels anxiously proliferate: dandy, curmudgeon, wit, moralist, conservative, anarchist, Tory satirist, Catholic romancer, gentleman, snob, loyal friend, and, off the record, one mean son of a bitch. Well, which is it?

If you want the real goods, skip the latecomers and go to Harold Acton's 1948 *Memoirs of an Aesthete* where you'll find an appraisal as charming as it is accurate. Recalling Waugh at Oxford, Acton describes him as a "prancing faun, thinly disguised by conventional apparel. His wide-apart eyes, always ready to be startled under raised eyebrows. . . . The gentleness of his manner could not deceive me. . . .So demure and yet so wild! A faun half-tamed by the Middle Ages, who would hide himself for months in some suburban retreat, and then burst upon the town with capricious caperings." Later, Acton adds that Waugh was also "a pillar of society, a pal of Randolph Churchill, and an upholder of our glorious traditions" with "a nice taste in buttonholes." Acton's irony could not be more apt. This was Waugh's personality: a battle-zone of contending forces. He was by turns reclusive and cosmopolitan, traditional and anarchic, reflective and impulsive. He declared himself committed to the "standards of civilization," yet conducted his life with legendary incivility. Though he cherished European art and tradition, he elected, as he tells us in his preface to his collected travel writing, *When the Going Was Good,* to "go to the wild lands where man had deserted his post and the jungle was creeping back to its old strongholds." He believed that the barbarism that so fascinated him "was a dodo to be stalked with pinch of salt," and he wasn't going to miss his chance. As much as he admired those who cultivated domestic serenity, he was often bored by home life. His literary sense came alive in "distant and barbarous places," especially at "the borderlands of conflicting cultures and states of development, where ideas, uprooted from their traditions, become oddly changed in transplantation." This is not surprising. The savagery and civilization he discovered thriving promiscuously together in Abyssinia, Kenya, and Brazil were sure to intrigue one so divided between the appeals of order and anarchy within himself. No matter how stout and stuffy his outward appearance became in later life, Waugh never completely abandoned the wildness of his faun nature.

Yet, Waugh was not a hypocrite. He never attempted to disguise either his indiscretions or his inconsistencies. Like most of us, only more so, he was a person whose deeds did not always or even very frequently conform to his ideals. At best, he managed a sort of uneasy truce between his orthodox and wayward selves. His inward disharmony may have caused him considerable distress but it had its compensations. Most importantly, he was able to translate its tension into a literary energy perfectly suited to satirizing the Western world after the Great War, when it seemed itself to have become an unequal struggle between civilizing reason and barbarous willfulness. Waugh took it for granted that his contradictions were not unique to himself and concluded that "the anarchic elements in society are so strong that it is a whole-time task to keep the peace . . . [for] barbarism is never finally defeated; given propitious circumstances, men and women who seem quite orderly will commit every conceivable atrocity. . . . We are all potential recruits for anarchy."

He was convinced, as have been many others, that civilization in the twentieth century was imperiled by a decline in respect for reason and a concomitant rise in mindless self-assertion. This is why he was so disturbed by decent, well-educated people who seemed perfectly comfortable to carry on their lives without any deeply held convictions. He knew mere decency could never stand up to the civilized savagery of modern life. At fifty-three he still recalled with some of the bitterness of early disillusionment the agnostic clergyman who taught him theology thirty-eight years before. This instructor had commended his student's puerile display of disbelief by writing the words, "No mean theologian, Waugh," across one of his papers. Waugh came to be scandalized by this and other occasions in which authority seemed to connive at its own subversion. How could those who were supposed to uphold tradition and faith so easily tolerate their disparagement by the ignorant and impious? Fourteen years later he denounced such soft-headed tolerance as one of "The Seven Deadly Sins of Today."

It is better to be narrow-minded than to have no mind, to hold limited and rigid principles than to have none at all. That is the danger which faces so many people today—to have no considered opinions on any subject, to put up with what is wasteful and harmful with the excuse that there is "good in everything"—which in most cases means an inability to distinguish between good and bad.

There are still things which are worth fighting against.

Decisiveness was essential to Waugh; he could not live without it. He was

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convinced that it could only be achieved through the discipline exerted by fixed standards which for him meant the principles of the Roman Catholic Church and the classical tradition in Western philosophy. This twin allegiance gave him the sense of purpose he needed to create the formidably poised, assured figure he presented to the world. Today his type of self-assurance seems more than ever a dose of the right stuff for a generation wearied to exasperation by the inconclusive relativism that has been institutionalized in our educational system almost as if it were the only respectable intellectual position going. There are signs everywhere that people have grown restive under what often seems an official policy of undiscriminating tolerance and mindless innovation. In his latest book, *The Arts Without Mystery,* for instance, Denis Donoghue argues that critical permissiveness can be hazardous to an artist's health and questions, among other things, the aesthetic claims of Mary Kelly whose framed displays of her son's soiled diapers recently edified the connoisseurs of the avant-garde at Yale's art museum. In politics this year, Americans decided new ideas were not necessarily better ideas and voted down Gary Hart, the self-transforming candidate of ceaseless change.

In this climate of open skepticism for the usual piety paid creativity and progress, it's not surprising that Waugh's talent for cold-eyed debunking should be gaining favor once more. No one could do it better. For proof, just look into Donat Gallagher's massive but, alas, not quite complete collection of his journalism, *The Essays, Articles and Reviews of Evelyn Waugh.* These pieces display Waugh's refreshing decisiveness in action. Here he is on modern criticism: "It is a matter for thankfulness that the modern school of critics are unable or unwilling to compose a pleasurable sentence. It greatly limits the harm they do." On writing for oneself: "I have a deep-rooted feeling that it is a mischievous and degrading habit to write anything which will not bring in an immediate pecuniary reward." On the persecution of Charlie Chaplin, a surprising defense: "For many years [Chaplin] has been the victim of organized persecution [in Hollywood]. A community whose morals are those of caged monkeys professes to be shocked by his domestic irregularities. He is accused, perhaps with some justice, of socialism and pacifism. . . . [But] the simple truth is that he is hated because he is a great artist. Talent is sometimes forgiven in Hollywood, genius never." On permissive education: Every effort was made to encourage the children at the public schools to "think for themselves." When they should have been whipped and taught Greek paradigms, they were set arguing about birth control and nationalization. Their crude little opinions were treated with respect. Preachers in the school chapel week after week entrusted the future to their hands. It is hardly surprising that they were Bolshevik at 18 and bored at 20.

Waugh always loved playing the crusty traditionalist exposing the absurdities of fashionable opinion, but he was never merely the reactionary as some have suggested. In his avowedly autobiographical novel, *The Ordeal of Gilbert Pinfold,* he makes it quite clear that his Tory persona provided him with a useful mask. Describing himself in the third person, he tells us that "his strongest tastes were negative. He abhorred plastics, Picasso, sunbathing, and jazz—everything in fact that had happened in his own lifetime. . . . Shocked by a bad bottle of wine, an impertinent stranger, or a fault in syntax, his mind like a cinema camera trucked furiously forward to confront the offending object close-up with glaring lens; with the eyes of a drill sergeant inspecting an awkward squad, bulging with wrath that was half-facetious, and with half-simulated incredulity." Of course, this was all part of a role "for which he had cast himself . . . a combination of eccentric don and testy colonel." If Waugh enjoyed playing the curmudgeon bullying the wayward into line, he also relished the opportunities for doing so. There is no doubt he was sensitive to the "offending object," but he seems to have been as much fascinated as provoked by it.

When Waugh's highly developed sense of architectural decorum was offended by Antonio Gaudi Cornet's free-form, poured-concrete structures in Barcelona, he did not turn away in disgust. He rushed about to view as many as he could before leaving. With unfeigned enthusiasm, he wrote of one building that its peacock-blue roof "built in undulations, like a rough sea petrified" with its "eaves overhung in irregular, amorphous waves" reminded him of a "clumsily iced cake." After seeing more of Gaudi's work, he concluded that it had broken "through all preconceived bounds of order and propriety and coursed wantonly over the town, spattering its riches on all sides like mud" demonstrating what "art-for-art's-sake can become when it is wholly untempered by considerations of tradition or good taste. Picabia in Paris is another example, but I think it would be more exciting to collect Gaudis." Waugh's response to Gaudi is an ironic amalgam of censure and delight. His classically trained mind might disapprove of architecture untempered by tradition and good taste, but his aesthetic instinct responded to Gaudi's idiosyncratic energy. Standards may have been neglected, but, intentionally or not, Gaudi's amazing rule-breaking inventiveness did justice to a thoroughly indecorous age.

Such ambivalence seems to contradict Waugh's policy of decisiveness, but not really. He was decisive, not dogmatic. This was especially true with regard to art. Although he is popularly known for his scathing dismissals of experimental art (Paul Klee, for one, was derisively put down as the "acme of futility"), he frequently recognized its power to reveal what he took to be the essential failure of reason in contemporary society, and he did not hesitate to appropriate its techniques, albeit in parodic form, when they suited his purposes. *Vile Bodies,* for instance, is one of the truly successful literary experiments of this century. That it has not been widely acclaimed as such can be easily explained. Waugh violated one of the avant-garde's canons: He was old-fashioned enough to insist upon entertaining his readers even as he stretched their imaginations. Nevertheless, he firmly believed that "the artist, however aloof he holds himself, is always and especially the creature of the Zeitgeist; however formally antique his tastes, he is in spite of himself in the advanced guard."

Aesthetic theory aside, the type of outlandish energy Waugh discovered in Gaudi spoke to him on a more immediate level. Satirists have always fastened on the preposterous and grotesque with an enthusiasm no less intense for being expressed as outrage. After all, what could better serve to remind men that they belong to an absurdly pretentious species? Waugh's genius was to be able to balance his enthusiasm and outrage side by side, neither one canceling the other. Like other satirists, he delighted in the

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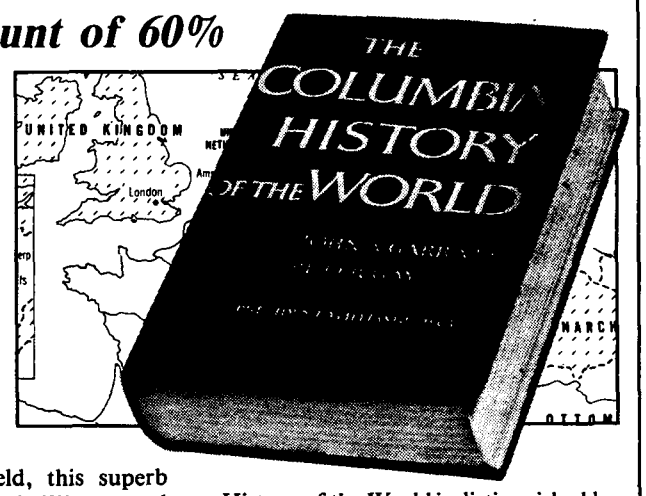

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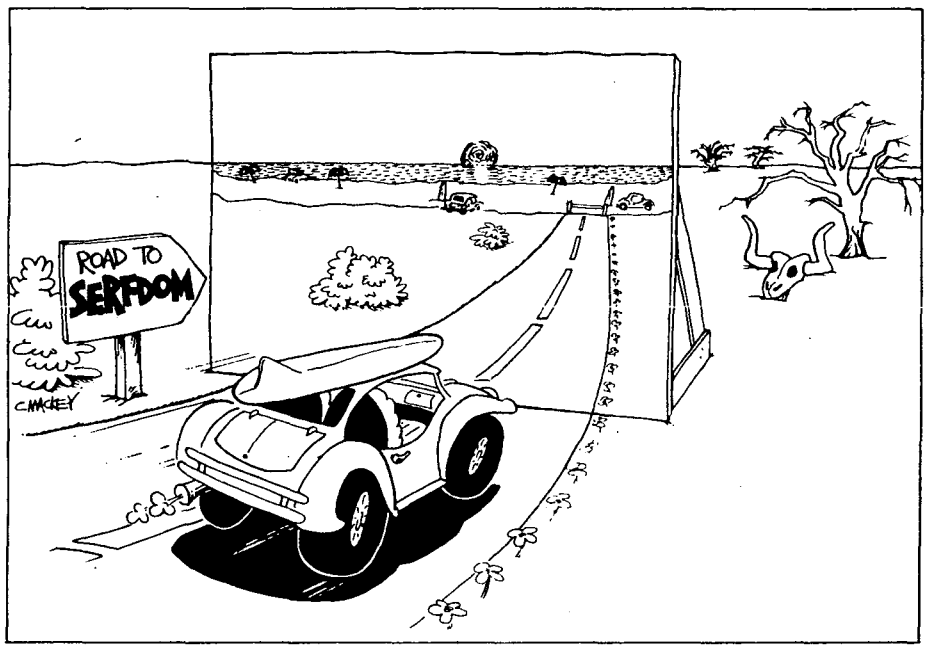
unseemly; but, unlike many other mediums of the cankered muse, he knew it. As Acton put it, he was "always ready to be startled." He only required the proper occasion. This is why he found Hollywood's Forest Lawn cemetery as irresistible in its own way as Gaudi's architecture. It was, in his words, "a first-class anthropological puzzle of our own period," a cemetery that welcomed suicides but refused burial to Fatty Arbuckle "because, although acquitted by three juries of the crime imputed to him by rumour, he had been found guilty, twenty years or so earlier, of giving a rowdy party." Such a travesty could not fail to quicken the imagination of one for whom outrage was a positive addiction. The pay-off was his gloriously ghoulish novella, *The Loved One.*

When the stimulus of outrage was not immediately available, Waugh did not hesitate to provide his own. His biographer, Christopher Sykes, reports that he once commissioned a painting by Richard Eurich depicting the interior of the passenger cabin in a plane that was unmistakably about to crash. "Every possible detail contributing to horror and irony was included at Evelyn's insistence." When Sykes wondered if it would shock people, Waugh replied, "I hope so."

Like many artists, Waugh thrived on contradiction. Genuinely committed to the discipline of civilization, he could never entirely resist the lure of anarchy, as frequent and glaring discrepancies between his moral ideals and social behavior illustrate. Sykes tells us that Waugh was so committed to the legalistic practices of the Catholic Church that he would carry scales with him when visiting friends to insure that his meal portions did not exceed the requirements of his Lenten fast. Sykes goes on to remind us that such stickling was not unprecedented among Catholics before the Second Vatican Council. But I wonder. Waugh so enjoyed disconcerting friends and enemies alike that he could well have been capable of flaunting his pious discipline as much for the pleasure of shocking others as for the good of his soul. Whatever his motives, his unembarrassed public obedience to his faith did not prevent him from frequently ignoring its counsels regarding charity. He did little to moderate his penchant for insult, a blood sport he clearly relished. Annoyed by excessive praise for *Brideshead Revisited,* he put an abrupt end to one woman's fawning. "I thought it was good myself," he snapped, "but now that I know that a vulgar, common American woman like yourself admires it, I am not so sure." After reducing another admirer to tears, he was asked how he could behave so badly and profess to be a Catholic. Waugh replied, "You have no idea how much nastier I would be if I was not a Catholic."

Clearly Waugh did not believe one's standards were discredited by one's behavior. In fact, he seems to have been inclined to the view that it is precisely in the recognition of the inevitable discrepancy between ideals and behavior that one's moral awareness grows, however inconveniently. This wholly orthodox if less than scrupulous position enabled him to make some rather surprising moral judgments, as Graham Greene discovered. In *Ways of Escape* Greene recalls Waugh spoiling a dinner party at Carol Reed's by inexplicably railing at one of the other guests, Alexander Korda, the Hungarian émigré who had become one of Britain's leading film producers. The "shocking intensity" of Waugh's verbal abuse finally succeeded in "killing the conversation" at the table. The next day, as they shared a cab, Greene demanded an explanation. Waugh justified himself by pointing out that Korda had committed an inexcusable offense by showing up with his young mistress. Greene protested, "But I was there with my mistress." Undaunted,

Serf City, Here We Come



Before the ideas of free trade and democracy became popular, most societies were based on feudalism. Kings were all-powerful. Under them were nobles, craftsmen and peasant farmers, known as serfs.

Serfs usually had no rights. Whatever food they ate, clothes they wore and dwellings they lived in, they received from the generosity of kings and nobles. Just as the upper class could grant these essentials, they could also deny them or tax them away. The life of a serf was hard, cheerless and quite often short.

During the long march of time, democracy and free enterprise broke down the old social order. Individuals were recognized for their own worth and were free to enjoy the fruits of their labor and to determine their own futures. The serf class disappeared.

But as this culture of free men and free markets grew into a society of unprecedented prosperity and social mobility, a curious thing happened—men and women began to entrust a growing share of responsibility over their lives to government.

Government has assumed many of the same traits of the old feudal order. We find tax cuts described as "subsidies," as if the earnings were not our own, but a gift from the state. We find regulatory bureaucracies extending their power to every aspect of society, telling people how they may or may not conduct their lives. And we find government planners who believe the economy functions best when tightly controlled by the state.

Nobel prize-winning economist F.A. Hayek described this reversal as "the road to serfdom." But you as a voter, a taxpayer, a parent and worker, are in the driver's seat—you and millions like you.

Which road shall we take—the road to a golden age of economic and political freedom, or the road to serfdom? Ultimately, the decision is yours.

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Waugh replied, "That's quite different; she's married." If this urbane effrontery was meant to disconcert his friend, it worked. After admitting his puzzlement, Greene weighs Waugh's words in the moral scales of their shared religion. "Fornication more serious than adultery? It was not the orthodox Catholic view. I gave the problem up, and we were driven on in silence." There can be little doubt that Waugh contrived his comical moral distinction in order to cover what, in all likelihood, was nothing more principled than a moment's petulance. Still, I like to think his rejoinder reveals something of his abiding attitude regarding life's little misadventures.

It was Waugh's easy acceptance of the distance between what people profess and what they do that has confused several of his commentators, especially in America where such a premium has been placed on sincerity that the civilizing arts of hypocrisy have fallen into serious disrepute. Some have complained that with the exception of his openly Catholic works, his fiction lacks moral purpose. Others find it nihilistic, a condition to be blamed or praised according to taste. There is no denying that many of his novels have a perverse way of celebrating energetic immorality at the expense of spiritless decency. His rogues are attractively vital, his proper citizens exasperatingly anemic. Captain Grimes and Paul Pennyfeather in *Decline and Fall,* for instance, work and socialize together but seem to belong to mutually exclusive moral universes. Grimes is the incorrigible rascal who flouts morals and manners so cheerfully that no one would ever want him brought to account. He may be a bisexual bigamist who leaves schoolmastering in Wales for pimping in South America, but can these faults seriously be held against a man who so genially admits, "I can stand most sorts of misfortune, old boy, but I can't stand repression"? Grimes goes his way "careless of consequence" slipping society's various restraining nets with an ease as astonishing as it is comical. He is an untameable life force, pure Dionysian energy; disruptive of good manners, certainly, but quite beyond moral censure. Paul, on the other hand, lives his life as a divinity student with exemplary moderation (he smokes three ounces of tobacco a week and drinks a pint and a half of beer a day, "the half at luncheon, the pint at dinner"), keeps up with current affairs (he attends meetings at the League of Nation's Union on Polish plebiscites), and takes an interest in his nation's cultural past (he reads nightly installments of *The Forsyte Saga*). For his troubles he is sent down from Oxford, imprisoned for crimes he didn't commit, and, finally, deprived of his identity. There is no justice in Waugh's world, no moral balance, and that's, of course, the point.

Unlike most satirists, Waugh was not a moralist, at least not in any conventional sense of this term. He did not write to correct behavior nor did he think the twentieth century had taken out a special patent on vice. There was no point in reviling Grimes and the other amoral worldlings romping through his pages. They were only symptoms of a general failure of conviction. Besides, they were a highly entertaining lot not least because Waugh had projected into them a good deal of his own mischievous self. He reserved his satiric scorn for his decent, law-abiding bores, the characters who conduct themselves prudently according to their inherited morality but have lost touch with the principles upon which it was founded. These figures are either doubtful or heedless of the metaphysics Waugh thought necessary to sustain civilization. As such they are far more culpable than his scamps. Like Paul Pennyfeather, they can be expected to acquit themselves "with decision and decorum in all the emergencies of civilized life." Unfortunately, there's not much civilized life left. Without spiritual resources beyond their polite manners, they are no match for the moral carelessness and technocratic savagery they must face in Waugh's version of the modern world. Because these supposedly civilized individuals lack determinate values, they are fated like the younger Charles Ryder in *Brideshead Revisited* to arrive too late just as the ancestral home is about to be torn down. In almost every novel you can hear the demolition rattling along to make way for "something clean and square" which usually means a block of functional Bauhaus flats walled with chromium plating, dwellings slickly designed to accommodate ruthlessly streamlined urban lives divested of all purpose beyond self-advancement and immediate gratification. The resulting ethos is very much the one we see celebrated in today's popular magazines such as *Playboy* and *Cosmopolitan,* to name two of the more vulgar publications that set themselves up as mentors to the young and affluent, especially the affluent, who will buy the products they advertise as indispensable to success in the self-regarding arena of pure opportunism.

In 1930 Waugh was himself one of the Bright Young People, as he called the contemporary version of today's Yuppies. He was fashionable, clever, ambitious, and successful. He was also profoundly troubled. As much as he enjoyed running with the smart set, he couldn't avoid the conclusion that their intensely selfish lives were founded upon a generally unspoken despair. He has one of his characters in *Vile Bodies* describe this condition as "an almost fatal hunger for permanence" not to be satisfied in a world grown skeptical not only of traditional values but also of the possibility of establishing any permanent standards at all. Waugh's bitterness at the break-up of his first marriage the year before certainly hastened such misgivings about his social order, but there is every reason to believe he would have reached the same conclusion eventually. "It is no longer possible, as it was in the time of Gibbon, to accept the benefits of civilization and at the same time deny the supernatural basis upon which it rests." With these words he announced his conversion to Roman Catholicism at age 27. This church and what was then its subscription to Aristotelian metaphysics as mediated through Thomas Aquinas would provide his stay against confusion or, as he put it in his story, "Out of Depth," his "shape in chaos."

In the novels up to the avowedly Catholic *Brideshead Revisited,* it rarely occurs to Waugh's characters to consider the "supernatural basis" of their lives. The few who do are hindered by doubt or misled by zeal. This is the story of Mr. Prendergast, the agnostic parson, and his maniacal nemesis in *Decline and Fall.* When Prendergast first appears he has already given up his ecclesiastical living and stooped to schoolmastering, a profession notoriously open to failures and rascals. "I should be a rector with my own house and bathroom . . . only I had *Doubts,*" he confides. It isn't "the ordinary sort of doubt regarding Cain's wife or the Old Testament miracles" that has unnerved him. These he had been taught to explain away. No, it is something "deeper than all that." "I couldn't understand why God had made the world at all. . . . You can see

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how fundamental that is. Once granted the first step, I can see that everything else follows—Tower of Babel, Babylonian captivity, Incarnation, Church, Bishops, incense, everything—but what I couldn't see, and what I can't see now, is, *why* did it all begin?" Prendergast raises the fundamental issue but hasn't the will to resolve it. Instead, he foolishly jumps at the chance to return to the cloth as a prison chaplain when he discovers the post does not require him to subscribe to any particular creed at all. Of course, such agnostic felicity cannot last. Among his caged flock there is a religious lunatic unhindered by any doubts at all whose beliefs are as unswerving as they are unexamined. Convinced that the angel of the Lord has commissioned him to murder the faithless, this self-styled "lion of the Lord's elect" decides—with some cause—that Chaplain Prendergast is not a Christian and so murders him by sawing his head from his body with tools conveniently provided him by the prison's enlightened arts and crafts program which stresses the criminal's need for emotional release through artistic self-expression.

Prendergast's inability to sustain a coherent religious vision is one of the many instances in which Waugh satirized the modern abdication of intellectual authority that calls forth the fanatic. Whether religious or political, these zealots are led by the inner light of untutored emotion alone. Surrounded by an ostensibly sane citizenry whose lives lack a rationally defined purpose, their peculiarly mindless dedication gives them a devastating strength. Prendergast's grisly end provides Waugh with one of his central metaphors: twentieth century man decapitated, his intellect severed from his will. When reason neglects its reign, impulse usurps its place with predictable results.

Reported casually, Prendergast's fate seems neither all that shocking nor particularly lamentable. Instead, we are made to feel he got no more than he deserved. He is one of Waugh's well-meaning humanists, personally inoffensive but culturally lethal. Without convictions of any kind, these characters wander through the novels vaguely unnerved by the chaos that surrounds them. Their failure to sustain the tradition of which they are the immediate beneficiaries has emptied their world of purpose and left those who are more willful and less scrupulous either to drift into aimless dissipation or to channel their otherwise undirected energy into one of the many perverse ideologies that plague the day. This was Waugh's assessment of a culture that has lost confidence in itself and its ability to make sense of the world.

At the time of his conversion, Waugh objected to the type of modern sophisticated religion that hesitates to commit itself to any definite beliefs. "If its own mind is not made up," he reasoned, "it can hardly hope to withstand disorder from outside." It was his judgment on the Western world as well. This is why he disclaimed the title of satirist in 1946 arguing that satire is not possible in an unstable society that does not subscribe to "homogenous moral standards." The satirist "seeks to produce shame" and this he thought clearly impossible in a world in which "vice no longer pays lip service to virtue." Then, continuing portentously, he added:

> The artist's only service to the disintegrated society of today is to create little independent systems of order of his own. I foresee in the dark age opening that the scribes may play the part of the monks after the first barbarian victories. They were not satirists.

From the perspective of 1984, who can doubt that this was just another of Waugh's outrageous ironies? □

FINDING THE CENTER

V.S. Naipaul/Alfred A. Knopf/$13.95

Thomas Mallon

V. S. Naipaul's eighteenth book joins a slender piece of autobiography with a rather sketchy account of a visit the writer made to the Ivory Coast a couple of years ago. Less a book than two *New Yorker* articles being marketed as such, *Finding the Center* attempts to portray Naipaul's early efforts at writing side by side with an example of his mature subject matter and method. But whatever string attaches one to the other remains banally slack: "However creatively one travels, however deep an experience in childhood or middle age, it takes thought (a sifting of impulses, ideas, and references that become more multifarious as one grows older) to understand what one has lived through or where one has been."

"Prologue to an Autobiography" places Naipaul in a BBC "freelances' room" three decades ago. Having gone to Oxford on a Trinidad government scholarship, he is squeezing out a living with the Corporation's Caribbean Service and discovering (not so surprisingly) that the colonial world he made strenuous efforts to leave is in fact his richest imaginative capital: "To become a writer, that noble thing, I had thought it necessary to leave. Actually to write, it was necessary to go back. It was the beginning of self-knowledge." (One thing good writers should never write about is their own writing. No subject leads them more inevitably toward fatuity and obviousness: "To write was to learn. Beginning a book, I always felt I was in possession of all the facts about myself; at the end I was always surprised.")

Naipaul recounts the humiliation his father, himself an exile (an Indian in the Caribbean), suffered during his career as a reporter for the *Trinidad Guardian*. As the *New York Herald Tribune* reported on June 24, 1933, the elder

> Naipaul wrote newspaper articles revealing that native farmers of Hindu origin had defied government regulations for combating cattle diseases and had been substituting ancient rites of the goddess Kali to drive away the illness attacking their livestock.
>
> The writer was told he would develop poisoning tomorrow, die on Sunday, and be buried on Monday unless he offered a goat sacrifice. Today he yielded to the entreaty of friends and relatives and made the demanded sacrifice.

Not long after this, he suffered a breakdown and became a kind of wanderer. No figure in life or books, from Mr. Ramsay to Willy Loman, is more poignant than the ineffectual father, and here, surely, is one of the family wounds that has kept the younger Naipaul's bow trained on whatever mumbo jumbo he hears the Third World mouthing against the First. The "subsidiary gift" he thanks his father for is a continuing "fear of extinction."

Naipaul says he travels "to discover other states of mind," but the Ivory Coast piece, "The Crocodiles of Yamoussoukro," suggests that by now he may be having his passport stamped only in order to confirm unpleasant certainties. Books like *The Return of Eva Perón* and *Among the Believers* have earned him the title "the scourge of the Third World" (*Newsweek*, November 16, 1981), and in this one he does his self-conscious best to live up to it. He says he went to the Ivory Coast because it was supposed to be a political and economic exception to "the mess of black Africa." But on the same page on which he makes this apparently sincere wish to be proved wrong, he sighs that the Frenchness he was hoping to see in the capital city of Abidjan was nowhere to be found: "Instead of boulevards there was the African hubbub of 'popular' African areas." It is one thing, and a good one, to mock the spurious "Africanization" of places like Mobutu's Congo, but Naipaul has been doing it for so long now that he winds up, almost by reflex, whistling some fussy little anthems to colonialism.

He spends much of his stay in the Ivory Coast fixated on the president's grandiose transformation of his native village of Yamoussoukro, which includes the importation of man-eating crocodiles which each afternoon are flung a live chicken in front of observing tourists. Naipaul devotes a lot of his time to finding out what this bizarre arrangement designed by an apparently benign president—Houphouët-Boigny is no Mobutu—means: "The symbolism remained elusive, worrying." In finding it all so sinister, so evocative of the brutal and phony authenticity he hoped to see the Ivory Coast avoiding, Naipaul shows himself too eager to have his worst fears validated. His concentration on the metaphorical crocodiles is as deliberate as the placement of the crocodiles themselves. For a man who goes to discover an exception, he spends rather a lot of time being enthralled by the rule.

When he began to travel over twenty years ago, Naipaul says, he had "no views or opinions, no system." But by now the "gambler's excitement" of his early journeying seems to have been lulled into inattention by the song of his own grinding axes. When a European he meets in Abidjan tells him that Africa is still really ruled by magic, and that all else depends on the Europeans, Naipaul assures us that this man "was not concerned to score points off Africa"—a rather odd assurance to be caught making, one might say; perhaps the betrayal of Naipaul's own desire to bring home bad news. The reporting in this piece lacks diligence and surprise. The native waiter trying to act French

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drops a plate; Naipaul's guide rattles on about the powers of *féticheurs*; a local chief is made to look as ridiculous as, well, a First World pol: "He gestured with this moneyed hand while he talked. From time to time, when he opened his legs, to pat his cloth down between his legs, he showed his dark-blue shorts."

There are zealous attempts to make nearly everything foolish or sinister. The chairs in the lobby of the Hotel President are upholstered "in virulent blue and green, not restful." Naipaul applies his inductive whip with such constancy that one loses faith in the nasty details being cowed into the big unsavory picture. He is so determined to shine a light into a heart of darkness that he fails to notice that he is sometimes just wading around the edge of a muddle.

What he finds "at the bottom of it all" is magic. Evil spirits, good magic, sorcery, bad magic, magic mixed up with Christian evangelism—all of it coming from a continent that mutates every twelve hours between the world of day and the world of night. During the night, distance folds upon itself and values dissolve into the cosmos. Arlette, a woman who works at the university, tells Naipaul that the two worlds are

> two ideas of reality that made Africans so apparently indifferent to their material circumstances. . . . Men of wealth and position could return easily to their villages at the weekend, could easily resume the hut life, could welcome that life. She had asked people from Ghana, now in chaos: "You were rich the other day. Now you are poor and your country is in a mess. Doesn't this worry you?" And they had said, "Yesterday we were all right. Today we are poor. That's the way it is. Tomorrow we may be all right again. Or we may not. That's the way it is." That was the way it was in the upper world. The inner world, the other world, continued whole. And that was what mattered.

Naipaul seems to have forgotten his own observation about Mobutu's Congolese bureaucrats, made in 1975: "This, for all their talk of authenticity and the ways of the ancestors, was their fear: to be returned from the sweet corruptions of Kinshasa to the older corruption of the bush, to be returned to Africa." The "night world" certainly didn't explain everything there and then. In fact, Naipaul scorned the way "Mobutism simplifies the world."

But now he seems as open-mouthed and eager for simplification as Candide:

> I asked, "When does the world of the night begin?"
>
> Mr. Niangoran-Bouah said slowly and seriously, "As soon as the sun goes down."

(Ask a stupid question. . . .) Mr. Niangoran-Bouah is a teacher of Drummologie at the university, the inventor of his own discipline and title. His "cause" is proving that "true knowledge of the talking drum gave to Africa the old civilization which Europeans and colonialists said didn't exist." Upon meeting him the reader is prepared for Mr. Niangoran-Bouah to be treated as a familiar sort of academic charlatan. But as his talk of the night world is taken in by Naipaul, satisfying the need for simplification, he gains an expedient stature. "It was impressive," Naipaul writes. "I began to understand the richness of the material he had made his subject, and his passion to present this material adequately to Africans and the world."

It is a bad sign when a writer assures readers of his good will, and that is what Naipaul seems to be doing here. In a preface to *The Secret Agent,* Conrad—to whom Naipaul has been, with some justice, compared—insisted that his book had been misunderstood by some when it first appeared. It wasn't a "gratuitous" wallow in "moral squalor" but a "perfectly genuine piece of work" whose ironies were intended to convey both scorn *and pity.* Read *The Secret Agent* again and write me if you believe him. I never have. No amount of protest can undo the extent to which the text belies the introduction. Naipaul's remarks about writing more in wonder than in anger are similarly undone by the rest of his text. His credible disbelief has often been a bracing antidote to the unself-confident West's sentimentalities about the developing world. But he may have reached a point when it is time for him to become skeptical of his own scorn, to make sure he has not become indolently imprisoned by his own disdainful vision. Otherwise a severe, career-long polemic may turn into a toothless party piece. □

STRANGER ON THE SQUARE
Arthur and Cynthia Koestler/Random House/$16.95

Joseph Shattan

"It seems to me that . . . I have been more or less free of the fear of death—though not of the fear of the act of dying, with its painful and degrading paraphernalia. As I grow older, this latter fear increases, like the apprehension of a painful operation to which one submits only reluctantly—though one knows that it is for one's good."

So wrote Arthur Koestler in the first volume of his autobiography, *Arrow in the Blue,* published in 1952.[1] On March 3, 1983 the bodies of Koestler and his wife Cynthia were found in the sitting room of their London home. Each had taken a massive overdose of barbiturates. Koestler was 77 years old, and, as he explained in his suicide note, had been suffering from Parkinson's disease and leukemia. His wife was 55, and in perfect health. Her reason for taking her own life was also contained in the suicide note. "I cannot live without Arthur," she wrote, "despite certain inner resources."

The manuscript of *Stranger on the Square* was found among the papers on Koestler's desk. It is divided into two parts. Part I covers the years 1940-1951, and consists of six chapters, alternately written by Koestler and his wife. The remaining six chapters of Part II, written entirely by Cynthia Koestler, cover the period 1951-56. Thus, this volume is largely hers.

Cynthia Koestler was born in Pretoria in 1921. When she was 22, and living with her mother in Paris, she answered an ad in the *Herald Tribune* for a part-time secretary, and thus came to work for Arthur Koestler. She seems to have fallen in love with him almost immediately. For the next six years she worked for Koestler on and off in France, England, and the United States. In 1955 she became his permanent secretary, and in 1965 they were married.

To say that Cynthia Koestler was devoted to her husband would be an understatement. Indeed, her self-effacement is so extreme that it occasionally becomes off-putting. Here is an example:

> In Paris, in the middle of the night, I woke up to find Arthur wandering around lost in the hotel room, calling the name of an old girlfriend. I led him back to bed, where he muttered to himself in French for a while. I had often wondered whether he knew who was beside him at night, for sometimes an arm reached over to feel or he turned his head in the semi-darkness, as if he wasn't sure. I vaguely pondered the mystery. Perhaps I should have felt jealous, but I only felt lucky to be sharing his life.

Such declarations of unconditional loyalty, repeated throughout the book, incline one to think that the lady protesteth too much. Yet given her manner of death, there can be no doubting her dedication and her love. By all accounts, Koestler loved her in his own way in return.

Though *Stranger on the Square* is not nearly in the same league as *Arrow in the Blue* or *The Invisible Writing,* the second volume of Koestler's autobiography, it contains much interesting information. To begin with, there is the portrait of Koestler's life in postwar France. It is often forgotten that in the aftermath of the Second World War, the French Communist party emerged as the strongest political force in the country. It dominated the trade unions and the media, and the resistance groups it controlled carried out a ruthless purge. Yet it was at precisely this moment that *Darkness at Noon,* Koestler's great exposé of Stalinism, was published in French as *Le Zero et l'Infiniti.* Despite Communist attempts to suppress it, the book enjoyed a sensational success, selling over a quarter of a million copies. Some have claimed that the novel played a major role in preventing France from going Communist.

Unable to suppress Koestler's book, the Communist and fellow-traveling press launched a vicious campaign of defamation against Koestler himself. For example, the official party organ, *L'Humanité,* printed a map of Koestler's village, Fontaine-le-Port, with an arrow pointing at his home, explaining: "This is the headquarters of the cold war. This is where Chip Bohlen, the American Ambassador, trains his para-military Fascist militia."

The future Mrs. Koestler, however, seems not to have been very politically minded, and was blissfully unaware of the controversy surrounding her new employer when she became his temporary secretary. She was therefore not alarmed when a "Rumanian friend" of hers inquired whether Koestler carried a gun. When she answered that he did not, the friend was surprised, and wanted to know whether an electric fence surrounded Koestler's house. There was no fence, she replied, and the front gates were always open. "But I did notice that when I came into his study after lunch to wake him from his short siesta, he always awoke with a start." Fortunately, the young Rumanian had nothing in common with the young Spaniard who befriended Trotsky's secretary, penetrated his Mexican

[1] Stein and Day, $19.95/$12.95 paper.

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retreat, and split his skull open with an ice pick. Yet the atmosphere in France was sufficiently hostile for Koestler to leave the country and divide his time between England and the United States.

Another aspect of Koestler's life covered in *Stranger on the Square* is his practical philanthropy. Many political writers have limited their concerns to Humanity in the abstract, to the great issues of war and peace, Communism and anti-Communism, freedom and tyranny. Koestler, however, was equally concerned with such comparatively mundane issues as refugee relief. In the early 1950s, he launched an enterprise called Fund for Intellectual Freedom, and for about a year devoted half his working time to it. Its aim was to help refugee writers by providing them with the tools of their trade—everything from typewriters and grants to translators and publishing contacts. Most importantly, the Fund subsidized émigré magazines in Russian, Polish, Rumanian, and Hungarian. Besides the work he put into it, Koestler donated all his royalties from the dramatized version of *Darkness at Noon* to the Fund.

Koestler was also involved in a number of crusades, including a campaign to abolish capital punishment in England, and a slightly comic effort, in the early 1960s, to reform British animal quarantine regulations (Koestler was a great dog lover). Nothing, it seems, was beneath his attention—not even Paris brothels, whose closing by French authorities in 1946 he bitterly denounced in *Arrow in the Blue:*

> Since the closing of the Houses, the rate of criminality and venereal disease has of course been on the increase, and there are more prostitutes in Paris than ever before. Most Parisians privately agree that the reopening of the Houses would be a boon. But none of the existentialists, post-surrealists, defenders of the philosophy of the absurd, flayers of hypocrisy, anarchists and libertines, whose books describe every vice in the alphabet with detached neutrality or implicit approval, had the guts to speak his opinion in public on this matter of social hygiene. Their excuse was that they would endanger their political reputations, or be accused of being in the pay of the brothel-keepers. . . . Which goes to show that the Left intelligentsia of our day have become as cowardly and hypocritical in their own way as the Babbits whom they despise.

Needless to say, Koestler was also passionately involved in the great issues of his time. He helped organize the Congress for Cultural Freedom, an international gathering of writers, scholars, and scientists, whose founding meeting in Berlin (June 1950) coincided with the outbreak of the Korean War. Bertrand Russell, Benedetto Croce, John Dewey, Karl Jaspers, Jacques Maritain, and Sidney Hook were among the Congress's distinguished patrons and participants. The Berlin meeting issued a Freedom Manifesto, most of which Koestler drafted. Among other things, the Manifesto declared, "We hold that the theory and practice of the totalitarian state are the greatest challenge which man has been called upon to meet in the course of civilized history." For those who believe that the concept of "totalitarianism" was invented by the Reagan Administration to justify its anti-Communist policies, the Freedom Manifesto ought to be required reading.

During much of the period covered in *Strangers on the Square,* Koestler was one of the West's most effective anti-Communist polemicists. One evening, when Richard Crossman was his dinner guest, the two of them came up with the idea of preparing an anthology relating the experiences of prominent ex-Communist intellectuals. The result, of course, was *The God that Failed,* which contained contributions by Ignazio Silone, André Gide, Richard Wright, Louis Fischer, Stephen Spender, and Koestler, and an introduction by Crossman. In that introduction, Crossman wrote, "We were not in the least interested . . . in swelling the flood of anti-Communist propaganda." Koestler, who despite his fondness for Crossman found him an "incurably opportunistic politician," thought that this demurral was quite amusing. Swelling the flood of anti-Communist propaganda, he cheerfully admits, "was precisely what we were interested in, but for a Labor MP in those days it just wouldn't do to say so in as many words."

These are just a few of the many insights into Koestler and his times contained in this memoir. Yet it also contains one curiously jarring note which I cannot pass over. During the 1920s, Koestler became a Zionist, a disciple, like Menachem Begin, of Ze'ev Jabotinsky. During the 1930s, he became a Communist. To go from right-wing Zionism to Communism was certainly a most unusual political evolution, but both responses, Koestler believed, were sensible reactions to the times. "Nor," he writes, "was there any incompatibility, at that time, between devotion to the Promised Land—Palestine—and the land of Promise—the Soviet Union. The Communist revolution was to solve all problems on a global scale, but also reserve a niche for the 'Jewish National Home' in the new world order. It is now generally forgotten that in 1948 the USA and the USSR were the first two countries to recognize officially the State of Israel. 'Zionism' became a term of abuse in Soviet parlance only at a later stage."

This is plainly wrong. There was always a glaring incompatibility between Zionism and Communism: Communist propaganda never ceased denouncing Zionism, and Soviet authorities have long regarded Zionist activity as a major crime. (Begin, for instance, was arrested by Soviet authorities in Vilna and spent two years in the Arctic region for his Zionism; his memoir of this period, *White Nights,* is a classic of prison literature.) Though the Soviet Union did support the creation of Israel in 1948—Leninists would say that it "exploited the contradictions" between British and American "imperialism"—it also arrested numerous Soviet Jews on charges of Zionism and support for Israel. Zionism, in short, was *always* a term of abuse in Soviet parlance. That Koestler was unaware of this seems inconceivable. Thus, his assertions to the contrary are quite puzzling.

Also puzzling is Koestler's decision, taken in 1955, to give up political writing. His farewell to politics is contained in the preface to *The Trail of the Dinosaur:* "Now the errors are atoned for, the bitter passion has burnt itself out; Cassandra has gone hoarse, and is due for a vocational change." But though *Stranger on the Square* mentions Koestler's decision, it does not explain it. One would have liked to ask Koestler why he turned his back on politics, and whether he found working on the fringes of various scientific disciplines a satisfactory alternative. Most of all, one would have liked to ask him whether the text of the "invisible writing," which he believed constituted a "higher order of reality" than mere politics, became any clearer to him as the years advanced. Since, however, we cannot put these questions to Koestler, let us be grateful to him for these final autobiographical fragments. □

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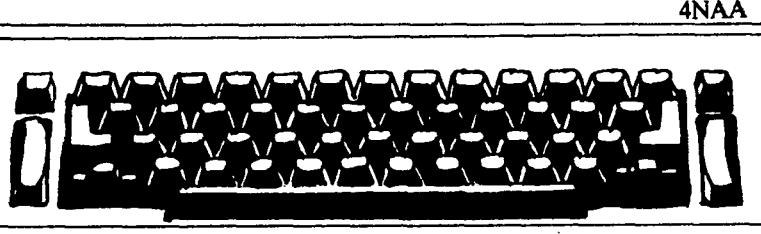

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PAC POWER

Larry J. Sabato/W.W. Norton/$15.95

Richard Jensen

Political Action Committees—PACs—have burst on the scene in recent years, and they frighten people. "The role of PACs in our system of campaign finance has become nothing short of scandalous," wrote Morris Udall in a fund-raising letter. "I'm talking about the dangerous and corrupting influence of the outrageous sums of money—campaign contributions—which have become a paralyzing *obscenity.*" Thanks to the diligent interviews and data collection of University of Virginia political scientist Larry Sabato in his new book *PAC Power,* we now have a comprehensive overview of what PACs are, how they operate, and what impact they are having on politics.

The first PAC, and still one of the largest and most influential, was COPE—the Committee on Political Education set up by the CIO in 1943 to avoid restrictions on direct political activity by labor unions. COPE played a critical role in mobilizing labor support for the last hurrahs of the New Deal in 1944 and 1948. It also was a favorite target of Republican attacks as an insidious threat to democracy, particularly in 1946 when the GOP won control of Congress by large margins. Unions continued to set up new PACs: 201 were operating in 1974 and 378 in 1983. In 1982 they spent $35 million, largely in the form of direct contributions to liberal Democrats seeking reelection. Thus Senator Howard Metzenbaum (D-Ohio) received $227,000 that year. Although this sum constituted only 7 percent of his war chest, it was deeply appreciated.

Business PACs account for the greatest growth in "PAC power" in recent years. They became legal in 1974 in the wake of Watergate revelations that the Nixon campaign had shaken down corporations for millions of dollars in illegal contributions. For the first time a system of legal business contributions to politics, with full disclosure, became possible. Some 1,467 corporate PACs operated in 1982, with budgets totalling $43 million. Their money comes from voluntary contributions by about one fourth of a given company's managers and white-collar employees, and control is exerted through public affairs offices. Business PACs give about equally to the two parties, and favor incumbents, especially those who represent districts with a factory or branch office. Sabato notes that a remarkable 65 percent of the chief executive officers of large corporations now travel to Washington every two weeks or so; ten years ago, only 15 percent did. Clearly the decisions that affect their corporations are made in Washington, and they need access to the decision-makers in Congress. Cash opens the doors—but not much is needed, for their average contribution is only $657.

Trade associations of realtors, physicians, dentists, builders, gun dealers, and the like are more concerned with specific legislation and regulatory rules than with the general access that corporations seek. Their 628 PAC operations (which spent $42 million in 1982) are separate from their much more elaborate lobbying operations. Congressman Andrew Jacobs (D-Indiana), who refuses all PAC money, says "the only reason it is not considered bribery is that Congress gets to define bribery." Sabato disagrees, finding that the lobbyists have much more influence in Congress than the money givers. PAC contributions have a small effect on congressional voting. Only on relatively minor items of special interest to a few associations but not in the national spotlight can fancy statistical tests detect the influence of PAC money on roll call votes. On the other hand, congressmen often demand money from the PACs; they are especially keen on filling the tables at their $250-a-plate Washington fundraisers.

The most controversial PACs are the independent ideological operations that fill our mailboxes every week with dire warnings against the evildoers about to seize the government from the hands of the people. "Right-wing extremists dominate the Senator. . . . Throw the rascals out!" Between the bogeymen Tip O'Neill and Teddy Kennedy or James Watt and Jesse Helms, everyone right or left is supposed to become scared enough to send money. In practice only two or three percent of the people solicited by direct mail respond, and they usually give no more than ten or twenty dollars. Conservative operations, such as Terry Dolan's NCPAC, have raised four times as much money as their liberal counterparts, but little of this money goes to candidates because of the enormous cost of direct mail solicitation. Of course, even people who do not contribute may be affected by the contents of the letters. When NCPAC does spend funds on independent campaigns against a liberal, the sure response is to denounce agitators from out of state. In 1982 NCPAC spent $228,000 against liberal Senator John Melcher of Montana, a veterinarian. Melcher ran commercials showing two cows watching suspicious looking men descending from an airplane with NCPAC briefcases stuffed with money. "Have you heard what they're saying about Doc Melcher? Looks like they've been stepping in what they've been trying to sell."

Sabato is highly critical of both NCPAC and its leftist counterpart PROPAC. He sees them as loose cannons on the ship of state, contemptuous of parties, and taking guidance from no one but the one or two entrepreneurs who operate them. They mislead contributors, who do not realize that only a few pennies out of every dollar they contribute goes to the cause. Worst of all, by undercutting the parties they are destabilizing and counterproductive. On the other hand, conservative populists defend them as necessary. "This campaign to kill the PACs is snobbish, elitist, antidemocratic, and un-American," writes Patrick J. Buchanan. "Destroy the PACs and you constrict the voice of small business, and restrict the political access of the millions who support them—enhancing the clout of Big Media, Big Business, Big Labor

Richard Jensen is professor of history at the University of Illinois, Chicago.

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and their ilk who can afford to maintain permanent lobbying representation in [Washington]."

One important group of PACs escapes Sabato's usually thorough coverage: the pro-Israel organizations like National PAC. In 1984 $9 million went through these groups, primarily to defeat Senators Charles Percy and Jesse Helms and other "enemies" of Israel. Helms proved much more successful than his opponent in raising money. Percy lost in good measure because of the defection of Jewish voters in Chicago.

The best news Sabato presents is that PACs have helped the national party organizations to become powerful forces for the first time. The Republican party has been the chief beneficiary. The $215 million it raised in 1982 (and much more in 1984) funded an elaborate program of polling, training of candidates, computerized issue files, data banks of voters and constituency characteristics, direct mailings, TV ads, and $20 million in direct aid to candidates. This has given Republican senatorial candidates a decisive edge in close elections. Of the 29 close races in 1980, 1982, and 1984, the Republicans won 21 and lost only 8, thus accounting for the GOP control of the Senate.

The bottom line is that PACs are probably a force for the good. By providing the "United Way" for citizens to contribute money, they have enlarged the scope of popular support for the political process. By mandating detailed disclosures, the PAC system has largely eliminated the illegal under-the-table contribution. The parties have successfully responded to the PACs by treating them like another set of interest groups to broker, and by strengthening their own party services. PAC money accounts for only a small fraction of the money in politics—their total spending is less than the advertising budget of Procter and Gamble. PACs have much less influence on legislation than do lobbies or the parties themselves. Finally, they have helped tilt the political dialogue in America to the right. Ronald Reagan in 1983 said he was "a little amused that suddenly our opponents have developed a conscience about political action committees. I don't remember them being that aroused when the only ones you knew about were on their side. Now they're on our side and they want to do away with them. Well, they're not going to do away with them." □

FALWELL: BEFORE THE MILLENNIUM
Dinesh D'Souza/Regnery Gateway/$14.95

Malcolm T. Gladwell

"In a rare and inexplicable moment" when Jerry Falwell was but a child, his father put his hand on his son's head and said: "This one will be my preacher." And when, in his early twenties after a wild and high-spirited youth, Falwell was born again, his mother "merely smiled to herself, as if she had expected it all along."

These were the portents of Falwell's youth, the signs he added up at the beginning of his ministry that made him sure, so very sure, that he was right with God. Others have paused, agonized, unsure of God's purpose, before accepting a vocation. But not Falwell. He charged headlong into the ministry with the same brash determination that was later to assure him that his followers were moral and in the majority. As a boy he was the prankster, the sports hero, the life of the party. He was reckless and daring because, in the end, he had complete confidence in himself. That brashness made him popular, made him king of his class, but when he brought it to do the Lord's work was it out of place?

Certainly to those of us schooled in the studied humility of the older churches—of a Catholic priest, of an Anglican curate—Falwell, his attitude, his *chutzpah* come as a shock. Are the deeply religious to be so competitive, so driven? Should they gloat, as Falwell does, that "I have always been full of ambition"? Falwell compares himself to his contemporaries, and says he's at the top because he works harder than *anyone* else. As a young pastor "there was something obsessive" about the way Falwell went about. "Few of the other preachers were as hungry for souls" as he was, and it is that hunger that has made him what he is.

These are worldly virtues Falwell has brought to preaching. It is said that in his frantic soul-saving Falwell "seemed to need measurable indices of his success: ten more students this week, four people accepting Christ after a service, etc." For Jerry Falwell it is "as important to count new heads as it had been for his father to count income at the end of a workday." Falwell has a genuine business sense. It is he who is credited with starting "saturation evangelism" which means he didn't just preach on Sunday, or just have a radio ministry, or just have people witnessing door to door—he did everything, all at once, so that if he didn't get you at home, he got you on TV, or in your car, or in a shopping mall. Falwell brought the ministry into the twentieth century. He crossed the line from religious to secular and brought back all kinds of new ideas. So much so, in fact, that when you look at Falwell and his TV show, his mailing lists, and his outreach programs, you know that in the end he isn't so much a preacher for the Lord as he is a salesman.

How much has religion changed Jerry Falwell? Has it left any imprint on him at all? When Falwell was young and wild, he would skip Sunday school and scorn religion "as something women did." Now, though, now that Falwell has accepted Christ, he insists that "Christ wasn't effeminate. Christ was a he-man." Could Falwell, the high-school star once invited to a St. Louis Cardinals tryout, only accept a God as manly as himself? Today he has a "theology of sport"; he calls his congregation to be "champions for Christ," and at his Liberty Baptist College moral admonitions rank up there with the construction of a new gymnasium. If Jerry is a jock, does his Jesus have to be one too? In short, did Christianity change Falwell or was the reverse true? Did Falwell himself change the effeminate religion of his youth to fit his own masculine dimensions? So it seems fair to ask when Falwell says that "I have always liked what I do, whether it is sports or being a minister," whether he sees a difference between the two, and if he doesn't, whether that means, in the sum of all Falwell's contradictory parts, he is more a creature of the secular world than the kingdom of God.

That is a question Dinesh D'Souza doesn't answer in *Falwell: Before the Millennium.* This is a case of the right dealing with one of its own, and despite the book's subtitle—"A Critical Biography" (which one assumes to be ironic)—it never pretends to be anything but a defense of Falwell. To his credit, D'Souza treats his subject with grace and thoroughness, and turns what could easily be shrill justification into a genuinely good read. But in the process he steers clear of the implications of Falwell's move into the political arena. D'Souza doesn't seem to want to acknowledge that the Falwell who once held to the fundamentalist orthodoxy that Christians were not called upon to "wage wars against bootleggers, liquor stores, gamblers, murderers, prostitutes, racketeers . . . or any other existing evil as such," and now does precisely that with his political lobby group Moral Majority, is no longer in the great tradition of fundamentalist preachers from Dwight Moody to Billy Sunday and Billy Hargis. D'Souza doesn't want to believe that Falwell's secular activities have tainted him and pushed him in any way from the traditional fundamentalist pattern. Wasn't Falwell's move into politics simply a natural outgrowth of the old fundamentalism? Isn't Falwell's constituency those whose beliefs have made them the political and social outcasts of the last fifty years? And weren't they, D'Souza asks, those who were laughed out of the Scopes trial in 1925, and whose convictions for a moral and upright America were mocked and violated in the sixties and seventies? The Bible says to turn the other cheek, but sometimes even for the very Christian enough is enough. D'Souza says that Falwell simply realized that getting the Christian message across in the eighties required moving to a higher stage and regaining some respect for Christian beliefs. That was a change of style, but not of content. With the Moral Majority, the book tells us, Falwell pursues the same evangelical goals of putting morality back into everyday life and bringing America closer to fundamentalism that underlie his ministry at Thomas Road Church in Lynchburg.

This is a beguiling thesis, especially because it so closely correlates with the Falwell of liberal legend—the man imposing his religious beliefs on the rest of America. But I wonder. If Falwell is so bent on bringing America closer to the fundamentalists, then why has his primary achievement been to do exactly the opposite? Why has Falwell's most significant contribution to his faith been in making it more aware of and more compatible with the outside world? It is Falwell who has led the fight in his own church, and later in fundamentalist churches throughout the South, for an end to segregation. Now "he speaks of race almost in the vocabulary of civil rights leaders." It is Falwell who, with his gentle wit, has mocked the strictness of his followers, urging each of them to "worry a little less about the length of your son's hair." It is Falwell whose vigorous support of Israel has confronted much of fundamentalism's

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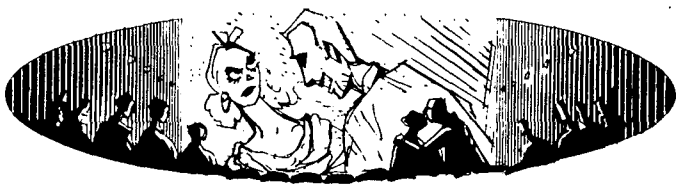
barely suppressed anti-Semitism, and whose open admiration for Catholic social conservatism has inaugurated a new ecumenism in both churches.

The fact is that the political world has changed Falwell. His worldliness does matter; it is at the very center of his message and appeal. As with so many other modern evangelists, the television ministry is the basis of his popularity. Yet he alone gives it a secular twist. His contemporaries on television are "hot" in the sense that TV performers, in the McLuhanesque parlance, are never meant to be—shouting, blustering, and gesticulating wildly. Falwell is "cool" with a softness and humor rare in those circles. He exploits television in a way few other preachers do. He has used it as it is used by the mainstream media, so that he doesn't just get visibility out of his TV appearances, he gets the glamour and prestige of being associated with big-time TV.

This is the association that Falwell works at time and time again. And on the countless occasions that he speaks at Harvard and Yale, to the *Times* and the *Post,* and on the major networks, he creates in the minds of his followers the idea that he is the equal of his forum in worldliness and sophistication. Falwell never ceases to play up his own celebrity. D'Souza calls him a "shameless namedropper" who, to his congregation, will boast of his close friendship with Menachem Begin or that he has the ear of the President. He is aware that what fundamentalists admire in him is that he has made it in the *other* America. He is the man who brings the world to fundamentalists. He is the little bit of secular they will let creep into their lives.

This doesn't mean that Falwell's people want to make it in America just as he has, but simply that he is the embodiment of fundamentalism's unexpressed desire to be on the inside, not the outside. The religious right's long exile didn't just make them angry at the rest of America in the manner that D'Souza and some of today's populists would have us believe. Sometimes, they're just like the child with his nose pressed up against the window. Sometimes, as Falwell makes clear, when fundamentalists tire of their endless wars and their forced exclusion, they really don't want to fight the establishment, they want to join it.□

THE TALKIES



LITTLE DUMDUM GIRL

by John Podhoretz

It usually takes between six and eight months to produce a book from an author's manuscript, what with the editor's pen, the typesetter's lies, and the binder's delays. It takes at least eighteen months, and usually much longer, for a movie based on such a book to hit the theaters, what with the screenwriter's compressions, the moneymen's anxieties, the star's drug habit, and the fights between production company and distributor.

In the fullness of time, between the first edition and the first-run release, what was once considered a "hot book," a book that had Hollywood's finest bidding on it for months before publication, can often have descended into a peculiar, dated irrelevancy.

The most startling example of this was *Ragtime,* the most trumpeted novel of the 1970s. Yet it was such a creature of its time, with its queasy radical chic posturing, that when the movie came out five years after its initial publication, yawns were barely stifled across the country, and $32 million went sailing down the tubes. But even more instructive, and delightful, is the journey of *The Little Drummer Girl* to the screen.

John le Carré's vicious, mildly anti-emitic, wildly pro-terrorist 1982 novel about Israel and the PLO garnered an unprecedented amount of media attention for what was basically a potboiler of a spy novel. In fact, *The Little Drummer Girl* is easily the least compelling and most self-indulgent of le Carré's often engaging and moving studies of espionage.

But it was brilliantly timed, and timing is everything. It appeared in the wake of the Israeli war in Lebanon and the Sabra and Shatila massacres, when most of the civilized world allowed its moral sense to atrophy and joined the braying of those hoping for Israel's destruction—although in the West the hope was less for political destruction than spiritual destruction, a fervent desire that Israel be rended by the self-hating pressures that its fellow democracies underwent in the 1960s.

In the novel a radical British actress named Charlie, whose resemblance to Vanessa Redgrave, Yasir's own Unity Mitford, is all to the point, suffers a "false flag" recruitment by the Israeli Mossad. She is convinced that the dark, brooding stranger she calls Joseph who is courting her from afar is a PLO operative, and falls in love with him. In fact, he is a Mossad agent named Gadi Becker, and by withholding sex from her he wins her completely.

Joseph and his Mossad confrères, including the spectacularly creepy Colonel Kurtz (as in Joseph Conrad's corrupted imperialist Mistah Kurtz, he dead), keep her awake for days, break down her defenses, and offer her the greatest "acting" job she has ever had. She is to convince the PLO that she is on their side, while helping the Israelis to move in on and capture the elusive PLO leader.

First from the Israelis, and then from the Palestinians, Charlie receives boring, endless lectures on Semitic history. From the Israelis she hears of the Holocaust, and never again, and we will do what we must to save our country, and those lousy Arabs. From the Palestinians she hears of all that suffering, and the camps, and the 1948 war, and all those massacres, and all we want is a country where we can hang our hat, and do we begrudge the Israelis their country, of course we don't.

Eventually the Israelis succeed in killing the Palestinian, covering Charlie's body in blood, and in some way "killing" her soul—how exactly is never clear, since blood can be washed off in a bathtub and the man killed before her eyes is responsible for the despicable murder of a family with a little boy at the opening of the novel, not to mention all sorts of terrorist acts. Oh, that complex Middle East! Everybody there is right, nobody is wrong, and one man's terrorist is another's freedom fighter. We all know the drill.

Mr. le Carré, who is not exactly a Conrad, or even a John Buchan, invents characters who lie there on the page like—you should excuse the expression—unleavened bread. The plot is, to put it as mildly as an ulcerate's dinner, implausible. But this was all to the good, in the eyes of its celebrators. For *The Little Drummer Girl* was really a good introduction for the illiterate masses, of those issues about the Middle East we all really needed to know about, especially with the Israelis committing all kinds of Holocausts of their own over there.

In fact, *The Little Drummer Girl* was so deliriously received because it brilliantly captured the romantic ambivalence so many progressive Westerners were feeling about the Middle East. On the one hand, Israel was a fact of life, and even something of a free country. On the other, the PLO had somehow become a romantic institution, the little guy battling the powers-that-be, the underdog. And this was especially true after the PLO fighters left Beirut with their tails between their legs. The Israelis succeeded in destroying the PLO as a potent political/military force, and that made it all the more romantic. *The Little Drummer Girl* was the epitaph on the PLO tombstone: *They gave it their best shot. A terrible beauty was born.*

Two years later the movie is before us, and it is a stiff, despite director George Roy Hill's best efforts. Hill may be Hollywood's best hack, so his failure to make le Carré's plot come alive on the screen is testimony

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to its deadening preposterousness.

Nonetheless, what is most interesting about *The Little Drummer Girl* is how mired in the past it really is. In 1984, the idea that the real problem in the Middle East has somehow to do with the displacement of the Palestinian Arabs—a self-displacement, by the way—in 1948 seems laughable. One of the few gifts the Israeli action in Lebanon has given the world is the sight of a Middle East stripped of the distraction of the PLO: a territorially ambitious and ruthless Syria, a Muslim drive to consume not only the land of the Jews but also the land of the Lebanese Christians, the perfidy of Qaddafi, the insanity of the Ayatollah, the desperate hypocrisy of the Iraqis, the cowardice of Hussein and his fellow "moderate" Arabs, and the precariousness of Israel's socialist economy.

The Middle East is not a stark allegory being played out on the hot sands, whipped by the noisome sciroccos. It is a region where nation-states that, in any rational terms, are barely out of diapers try to play power games with one another. It is a breeding ground for the bullies on the block, and the bullies' agent, the Soviet Union. And where the only real free country in the region's history—and I mean history, dating back to Babel and Ur—is treated like the kid whose parents send him down to play on the street in knickers and a sweater. What the bullies will not learn is that the kid in knickers is tougher than they, and cleverer.

Charlie, as played by the astonishingly aged Diane Keaton, seems to view the Middle East as a political finishing school, where she will be taught not only how to act but how to be a grown-up, responsible citizen of the world. An idiot, maybe; a useful idiot, never. A Mossad agent, never; an MI6 agent, maybe. If the supposedly brilliant PLO leader (who, as portrayed by the French actor Sami Frey, is as charming as Cary Grant, and has no whisker growth that might render him physically unappetizing to a movie audience) is really foolish enough to be taken in by her, the Mossad probably would have nailed him a long time before.

It is a testament to this nation's baptism in blood in the Middle East by the three Lebanese bombings that the movie seems to have drifted not into a serious depiction of the Israeli-Palestinian problem but rather into the fourth or fifth paragraph of an Anthony Lewis column. So much so that the movie includes the following comic masterpiece of a scene.

In order to impress upon the PLO her fidelity to their cause, Charlie makes reference to "Jew bastards." Whereupon a PLO commander (in a Moshe Dayan eyepatch) turns upon her and sanctimoniously shouts: "Never say something like that! We are anti-Zionists, but we are not anti-Semitic!"

Of course not. □

CORRESPONDENCE

Backhanded Compliments

As the subject of Mr. Richard Grenier's article "The Machismo Piety of Mario Cuomo" (*TAS,* November 1984), I'd like to clear up a few misunderstandings in the piece. Putting aside the puzzling task of figuring out exactly what is meant by "machismo piety," I allude to one other peculiarity: Mr. Grenier's opening paragraph, which depicts me peddling "the inside word" to New York editors that "Mondale and Hart are dead ducks." This is, as your readers should know, a canard. I found the rest of Mr. Grenier's piece, by turn, amusing, fictive, insightful, and perverse. I conclude that Mr. Grenier has paid my book, *Diaries of Mario M. Cuomo,* a wonderfully backhanded compliment and presumably sold a few more copies.

—Mario M. Cuomo
New York, New York

Richard Grenier replies:

Naively, I thought I paid Governor Cuomo's book a very forehanded compliment when I wrote that it is "fascinating." But I shall now go further. I believe it is the best description I have ever read of what it is like to run for public office, in addition to revealing a great deal about one of the most complex and compelling personalities in American politics today. Everyone interested in politics should read it. As for what "machismo piety" is, the Governor must ask R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr., who is more clever about this sort of thing than I.

I thank Mr. Cuomo, in turn, for *his* backhanded compliment. As he just might suspect, my background has much in common with his. I was "born into" the Democratic party, even as he (substitute Boston for New York and French-Canadian for Italian and you will not be far from the mark). The Party having become what it is today, however, I am an apostate—and Governor Cuomo knows apostates are very hard people to bring back. Unlike the Governor, I went to university and spent many years abroad, mainly in France, have seen most varieties of socialism at first hand, and decided I didn't like any of them. I ask the Governor to reflect on my considered view that our Democratic party is now under the control of people who, on balance, may be farther to the left than, for example, France's Socialist party. Nietzsche predicted that decline in religious faith would bring about a vast rise in secular utopianism and, lo, it has come to pass.

So I am not entirely at ease even with President Reagan's 49-state victory and, operating by instinct as much as anything else, I have chosen Governor Cuomo to again make the Democratic party the strong, national, patriotic force it once was, and this means more than waving the Stars and Stripes. We are locked in what John F. Kennedy called a "long, twilight struggle" with an implacable adversary. Wherever I go in Western Europe, not to mention Poland, people assure me that if America goes down, our kind of free society will disappear from the face of the earth. Now we will see who is perverse.

Middle-Class Responsibilities

As James D. Williams of the National Urban League and I have had further correspondence about the Black Family Summit, which was discussed by William Tucker in the July issue, I thought our readers might be interested in Mr. Williams's report on inspiring developments within the black community. *—RET*

I have no desire to prolong this correspondence but the reasonableness evident in your letter has encouraged me to share a few additional observations with you. My purpose in so doing is to share with you some information that might encourage you to look further into what is really a major development within Black America.

Specifically, it is a growing sense of responsibility that middle-class blacks and the institutions they support are assuming for the well-being of less fortunate blacks. The Black Family Summit was a manifestation of this development since its basic thrust was to develop strategies through which the black community itself could help reverse the deteriorating plight of many black families.

This was not a meeting to beat up on the Reagan Administration, to call for more welfare programs, or to trumpet the charge that all the problems afflicting Black America can be laid at the door of racism. Rather, it was a gathering of the family, or the clan if you will, to discuss the things that only it could do.

In the not too distant past, such a meeting might not have been possible. But what we have seen recently is a growing awareness that we, as blacks, must accept at least some of the responsibility for what has occurred in all too many of our communities and act accordingly.

Let me share with you several comments John E. Jacob, President of the National Urban League, made at the opening session of the Black Family Summit:

> We have to recognize that some of our problems may be self-inflicted; that we may have allowed our just anger at what America has done to obscure our own need for self-discipline and strengthened community values.
>
> In concentrating on the wrongs of discrimination and poverty we may have neglected the fact that there is a lot we can do about our own problems ourselves. Government and private sector action is a necessity, but so too are the services and the concern black organizations can provide.

So from the outset it was clearly understood that the Summit was not to be a hand-wringing session focused on how bad things are, but on what the black community could do on its own. Therefore attention was directed to the formulation of community-based strategies that could be implemented at the local level.

This process was enhanced by the exchange of information on a wide variety of successful programs including the Adopt-A-Family Program started by a physician in Los Angeles in which a group of black professionals literally adopt families in trouble with the purpose of helping them set their lives in order; the Shiloh Baptist Family Life Center in Washington, D.C. which serves a low income area in the city and is supported by the middle class members of that church without government aid; and the House of Umoja in Philadelphia which has established a remarkable record

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rehabilitating delinquent black youth.

Through the Black Family Summit a series of recommendations were developed that laid strong emphasis on the black community doing for itself. I should note, that contrary to Mr. Tucker's observation, there were a number of recommendations having to do with developing black business and creating jobs to employ other blacks.

I also note his observation: "All everybody ever talked about was how to get other people to do these things for them, and how to get more money out of government."

This comment really hurts. When you look at the reports that came out of the workshops and the recommendations, it is clear that Tucker's observation is totally wrong. The participants at the Summit were interested in seeing what they, as black people, could do for other black people. That's the real story.

And things did not end in Nashville. Already, similar sessions have been held in more than a dozen major cities to bring together black institutions—including the church, fraternities and sororities, the professions, business groups, social organizations, etc.—to put the recommendations of the Summit into effect at the local level.

The Black Family Summit was a watershed in the black experience, and in view of that I am certain that you can understand the frustration and bitterness that I and many of my colleagues feel when it is projected in an unfavorable light.

This is not to say that we have any quarrel with the right of any journalist to interpret events from his or her perspective, but we do feel that such an interpretation should at least correctly state the facts.

One final observation, and then I will close. In his article, Tucker quotes one speaker as saying: "Every immigrant group has climbed the ladder by forcing the government to give up its share of wealth in American society. We are all in one fashion or another dependent on the government."

The speaker to whom he was referring was Dr. Bernadette Chachere, Chairman, Department of Economics at Hampton Institute. She spoke at a dinner session that was open to the media. She did not have a prepared text but her remarks were taped and have been transcribed. What she actually said follows: "Finally, there are no groups in the United States that have not historically or contemporarily looked to the Federal Government to promote its interests. We are all in one fashion or another dependent upon the government."

One may quarrel with the lady's conclusion, but one should quote her accurately. —*James D. Williams*
Director
Communications Department
National Urban League
New York, New York

Kudos

I want to commend you for including the article "What Next for Guatemala?" by Mary Ball Martínez in your October 1984 issue. I found this piece to be of great interest, as Mrs. Martinez shows some amazing insights. Let's hear more from Mary Ball Martínez in the *Spectator*!

—*Virginia McNamara*
Erie, Pennsylvania

A friend let me see a copy of your October issue and I want to congratulate you for the excellent piece on Guatemala by Mary Ball Martínez.

As a long-time observer of the Latin American scene, I found it a special treat to read something on a Latin American country that is not only knowledgeable, but well written to boot. —*E.A. Augustine*
Thousand Oaks, California

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CURRENT WISDOM

New York Times

Amuck on the campaign trail the Messiah Mondale manifests the analytical powers of the paradigmatic New Age pol, circa 1984:

"My enemy isn't Ronald Reagan. My enemy is apathy, despair and cynicism." Mr. Mondale then raised his voice. "My enemy is to be found in that attitude that there's no way trying, there's no point in trying, you can't succeed, politicians are all bad, politicians never make any difference.

"And it's the ultimate irony of this campaign that this Administration that has spread so much despair and heartache and suffering, that has closed the door on hope to so many millions of Americans, who has driven so many from work and broken so many dreams, could by that very fact create the despair that would re-elect them."

[October 28, 1984]

Village Voice

In that reliquary of New Age piety, the *Village Voice,* a Mr. Geoffrey Stokes traduces the wise Midge Decter and then commits infamy:

Rather surprisingly, given the excesses of which she has proven herself capable, Decter wasn't actually the most cretinous of the *Policy Review* panel. That honor must go to lumpen-gadfly R. Emmett Tyrrell, whose airy response to a serious question about the state's role in preventing child abuse was a judgment that "child abuse is one of those nonce enthusiasms. You probably won't hear anything about it six months from now. It is particularly popular now, because radicals use it as yet another way to assault bourgeois society and the bourgeois family." As though this were not wicked enough, Tyrrell further trivialized the issue by linking it with one of his favorite villains: "Child abuse," he pronounced—without, of course, any evidence—"is to a large degree a problem with sexually liberated households. You are not going to find a great deal of child abuse in the home of an orthodox Jew, or an orthodox Catholic, or an orthodox Protestant."

[August 28, 1984]

New Statesman

Whilst reconnoitering at the First International Feminist Bookfair, Dr. Alison Hennegon, feminist in residence at Britain's infelicitously named *New Statesman,* hears the authentic voice of Third World wimminhood:

There are lesbians, from black and "Third World" countries, which supposedly "haven't any lesbians," wondering uneasily whether to shut up about their "irrelevant" and culturally denied sexuality until After the Revolution. Equally uneasily, of course, they wondered just how much they wanted a revolution which didn't want them. It was a conflict poignantly illustrated one evening: an Indian woman, explaining that, amid so many other pressing problems, Indian feminists had not yet begun to consider heterosexism, was passionately interrupted by another Indian woman who yelled "*Who* hasn't considered heterosexism yet? To say that suggested there are no Indian lesbians. There *are,* dammit. *I'm* one."

[June 22, 1984]

Whales Et Cetera (sic)

Mr. Phil Clapham of the Center for Coastal Studies, Provincetown, Massachusetts, passes on an amusing and instructive anecdote from his busy life with Carole—"friend and colleague":

Naming whales may sound like fun, but I can assure you that after you have stretched your mental resources for the first twenty or so, the novelty wears off with remarkable rapidity. We currently recognize a couple of hundred humpbacks, and each season brings twenty or thirty new whales to our files. Unlike the aforementioned Salt, by no means do all of them possess distinctive marks which readily suggest good names; many have either all-white or all-black tails with only subtle differences separating them. Friend and colleague Carole Carlson and I, constantly bemoaning the lack of good field marks, joke that one day genetic improbability will come through and we'll see a tail go up with "Pizza" written on it in natural black pigment.

[The Connecticut Cetacean Society Vol. II, 1984]

Newsweek

A timely bull from Mr. Peter Shaeffer of Davis, California, an obvious subscriber to the *Nation*:

Before Nancy Reagan expresses her confidence of victory over school-age drug abuse by campaigning on 3,000 billboards across the country (*Periscope*, Feb. 20), she might be well advised to reflect on how many of the young people in question have been driven to drug abuse as a direct consequence of her husband's policies.

[March 19, 1984]

Washington Post

The incomparable *Post* reports on the hard times into which protest politics have fallen midway through the reign of Reagan:

"We are anti-Reagan women and we are voting, voting for our lives," the protesters sang as the straw-and-newspaper likeness of Reagan refused to burn. After repeated attempts, it finally collapsed into flame and ash. But the throng of U.S. Park and District police on hand did not move to arrest any of the participants.

Despite their best efforts to misbehave, the demonstrators were permitted to do just about anything short of charging the White House gates. For almost 30 minutes, they raced from intersection to intersection near the White House, blocking traffic with their bodies and their banners.

Police responded quickly by rerouting lunchtime motorists around the protestors. They never attempted to break up the impromptu roadblocks or take anyone into custody.

"Could you imagine a group of black demonstrators not getting arrested?" asked Suzette Rowe, a member of the Community for Creative Non-Violence (CCNV), which is organizing the protests, noting that most of yesterday's protestors were white. "This is disgusting."

[October 2, 1984]

The Torch

Moral philosophy at its most complex and enrapturing posited within the confines of the student gazette of Roosevelt University:

In response to the student senate's complaint about the contraceptive ad in last week's Torch, I would like to issue a retort.

At the meeting of September 27, 1984 the president of the student senate said, "This type of ad should not be in the Torch." He implied that the contraceptive ad, along with the beer ad, was "bad" or immoral.

I don't know if the president thinks that sex is "bad" or immoral. If he does, it reflects *only* his own personal value system. I don't believe that the student body, which he is supposed to represent, thinks that sex in general is immoral.

I think that sex *can* be considered an immoral act in particular circumstances. One such circumstance is when the participants behave in an irresponsible fashion, i.e., do not use contraceptives when conception is unwanted. Hence, since students do not think sex is "bad," and most students do not want babies while going to school, the contraceptive ad in last week's Torch was, perhaps, "good."

—D. Kimberley Moe
[October 1, 1984]

New York Times

The New Age Liberals continue their indefatigable struggle to keep religion out of American politics. Rev. Young, we are with you:

Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta said today the only black votes President Reagan should receive are those of "cold-hearted black millionaires who are probably going to hell."

At a news conference before a voter turnout rally at Fort Valley State College, Mr. Young was asked if any black had cause to vote for Mr. Reagan instead of the Democratic challenger, Walter F. Mondale.

"We have some cold-hearted black millionaires who are probably going to hell, and they ought to vote Republican," Mr. Young replied.

[October 27, 1984]

The Nation

Mr. Christopher Hitchens, that unscotchable progressive, journeys to historic Berkeley, California, only to come down with nostalgia and the blues:

Loafing among the crowd, most of whom had come out of sentiment or curiosity, I found myself resenting the ceaseless denigration of "the sixties" that had been so much a part of this year's Democratic style. This feeling, which first came over me in a flush of rage as I watched the Democratic Convention hall *emptying* when Coretta Scott King got up to speak, is mounting as I write. Mention of the 1960s need not and should not be an occasion for sneering, embarrassment or amnesia.

[October 20, 1984]

Philadelphia Inquirer

From the city of brotherly love, Comrade Shoshana Bricklin reveals the terpsichorean roots of Dr. Marx's flumdiddle:

Not by accident did it happen on May Day. The Philadelphia Marxist School, situated above a bookstore close by the Penn campus, celebrated its grand opening yesterday.

Ideological purists may shudder to learn that the event was marked with a wine and cheese reception.

"Look, every organization I've ever *been* in has wine and cheese," said Shoshana Bricklin, 31, a recent graduate of Temple University Law School, a founder of Grass Roots Alliance for Solar Pennsylvania and a member of the "self-selecting collective" that runs the Marxist school.

After all, being a Marxist does not necessitate being grim and humorless. "You know the saying, 'If I can't dance, I don't want to come to your revolution.' I want to have *fun.* I'll never survive otherwise," said Bricklin.

[May 2, 1984]

Chicago Tribune

A few geopolitical thoughts from Dr. Andy Rooney, one of the Republic's mainstream *philosophes*:

If we're going to make some kind of peace with the Soviet Union, we've got to admit we do some wrong things.

For instance, we have our own propaganda machine, and it may work better than the Soviets' machine. Americans are propagandized on every side to believe that the USSR is the enemy and that we are about to go to war with that country. In our novels, movies and television shows, the Soviet Union is evil. This is bound to get to us. Our children grow up thinking they know who the enemy is just as Russian children do.

We're spending $280 billion this year on weapons. And although we now call our War Department the Defense Department, for internal good will, it's getting ready to fight a war with the Russians and the Russians know it. It would make anyone jumpy.

The unfortunate fact is that the prospects of war are good for business. Almost all our major manufacturers get in on a piece of the Pentagon action. The companies that make our toasters, our farm equipment, our cars, our airliners, our television sets and even our sewing machines, all depend, for a large part of their profits, on selling war goods to the government.

Businessmen may not like war, but they love the prospects of one. There's nothing better for the economy than this prospect of war with the Soviet Union. Businessmen don't know what they'd do without it.

[September 30, 1984]

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